



No. 293.—Vol. XXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1898.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



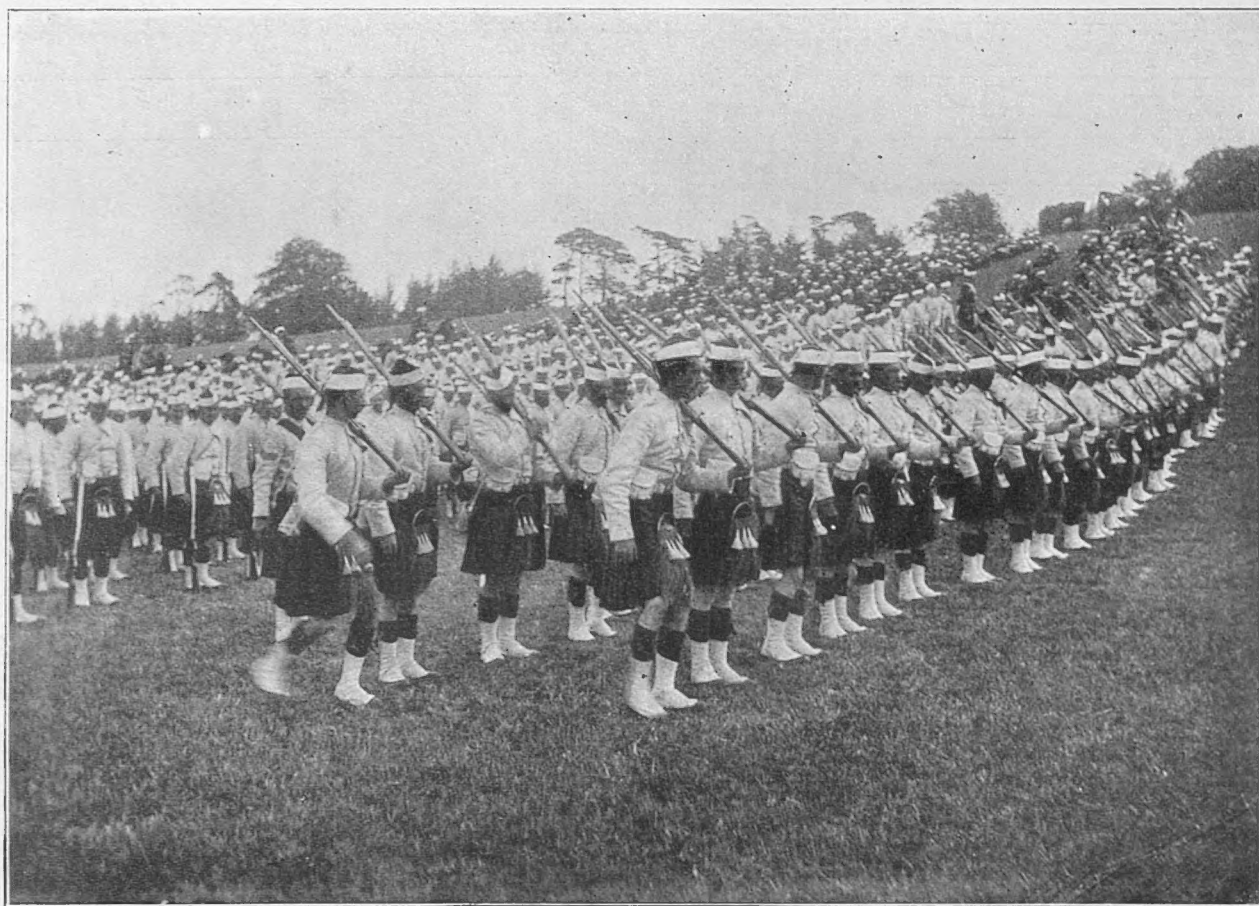
THE AVENGER OF GORDON: SIR HERBERT KITCHENER.

Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, and the Commander of the Sudan Expeditionary Force, has become the hero of the hour by his victory at Omdurman. Sir Herbert Kitchener is another example of the successful mingling of the Saxon and the Celt. He is of Irish parentage through many generations in the line of his father, who was Lieut.-Colonel Kitchener. His mother hails from the Eastern Counties of England, being the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Chevallier, of A-pall Hall, Suffolk. Major-General Kitchener was severely wounded at Handoub in 1883. He is forty-eight years of age and is a bachelor. Mr. Bassano, of Bond Street, has taken his portrait.



## THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

*From Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.*



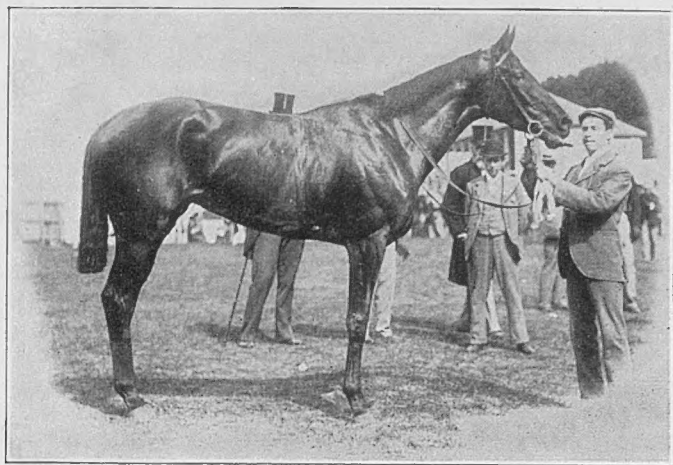
THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.



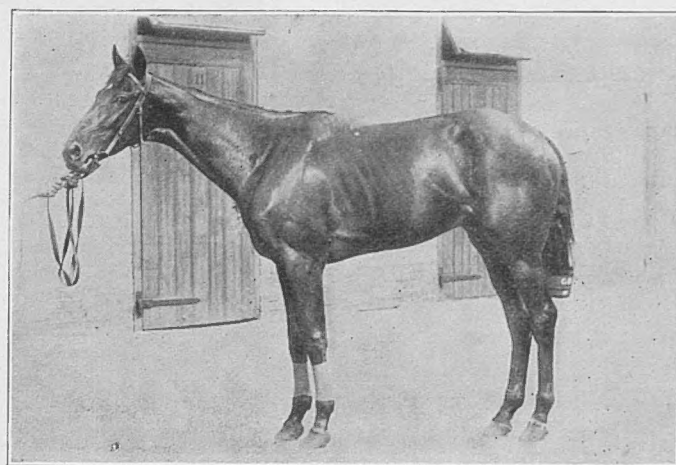
THE WELSH REGIMENT IN CAMP.



HORSES THAT ARE RUNNING AT DONCASTER THIS WEEK.



ALTESSE.



INVINCIBLE II.



JAQUEMART.



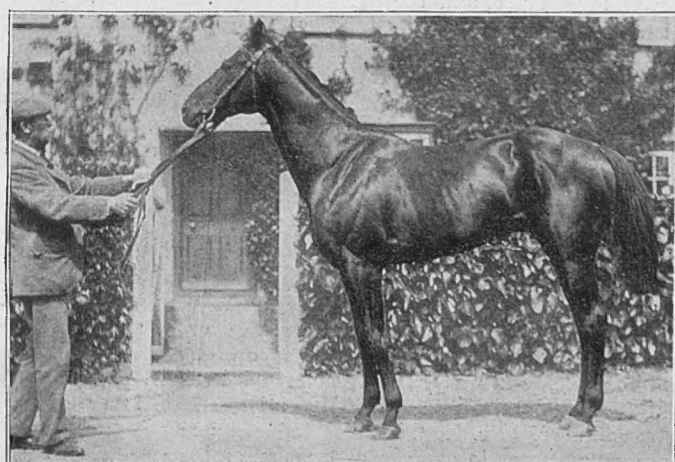
SIR WILLIAM INGRAM'S COURSER.



PRINCE OF WALES'S LUCKNOW.



LOVE WISELY.



DINNA FORGET.



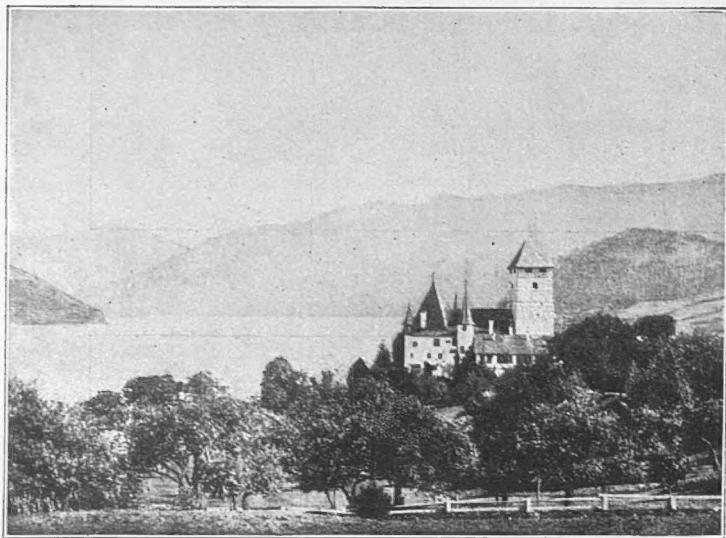
SIR R. WALDIE-GRIFFITH'S HENDERSYDE.



## THE ALPINE SEASON.

## CHÂTEAUX OF CANTON BERNE.

To the average tourist Switzerland is a country of monster hotels, and the names of William Tell and Arnold von Winkelried are the only ones familiar to him in its history. If further pressed as to his knowledge of



THE CASTLE OF SPIEZ, OVERLOOKING THE LAKE OF THUN.

its past, he may remember that the Swiss fought as mercenaries in many an army from the Tweed to the Danube, and recall the historic phrase, "Point d'argent, point de Suisses"; but he has no knowledge of its home life, and is ignorant of the delightful old castles and country houses in private hands that dot the country up and down, lying as they do outside the beaten track of the Cook and Gazé-led traveller. It was a happy thought, therefore, of Alice von Fischer and W. F. von Mülinen to issue a collection of views and letterpress dealing with the Châteaux of the Canton of Berne.

In historic interest, Berne perhaps surpasses all other districts. Readers of Louis Veuillot will recall his spirited account of the duel fought there in the Middle Ages between a beautiful young girl and a knight who had impugned her aged father's honour. No other champion coming forward, she challenged the enemy of her house and overcame him, forcing him to confess that his accusation was false. The pious people saw in Matilda's victory the visible hand of God.

The book ("Die Schlösser des Kantons Bern") consists of exquisite reproductions by Max Girardet of photographs by Miss E. L. C. Eden and A. von Fischer, some twelve in all, of which the most beautiful are the views of Schlosz Spiez, that stands on a height above the Lake of Thun, and possesses a tower dating from about the year 1000, though the rest of the building is more modern. Among its former tenants it reckons Hadrian von Bubenbergh, who defended his country against Charles the Bold of Burgundy. It affords examples of many varying yet picturesque styles. It is rivalled by Gümligen, with its fountains and quaint dormer-windows, and by Burgistein, dating from 1260 and affording one of the most exquisite prospects in Switzerland, since it looks in one direction on the Stockhorn Chain, in another towards the Schneeberge, with the Lake of Thun at foot, in still another on a spacious plain closed in by mountains, while towards the North—the

prospect is bounded by the blue line of the distant Jura. Jordan, Ritter von Thun, grandson of the Jordan who built Burgstein, was a bitter enemy of the town of Berne, and expiated with his life the joy he expressed on hearing of a victory of the nobles over the citizens. Jegenstorf, another beautiful and still inhabited residence, is also shown. The album may be obtained from W. Kaiser, of Berne, and by all lovers of the beautiful will be found well worth the money expended on it. One looks with interest for an extension of this series.

## THE DEATH OF DR. HOPKINSON.

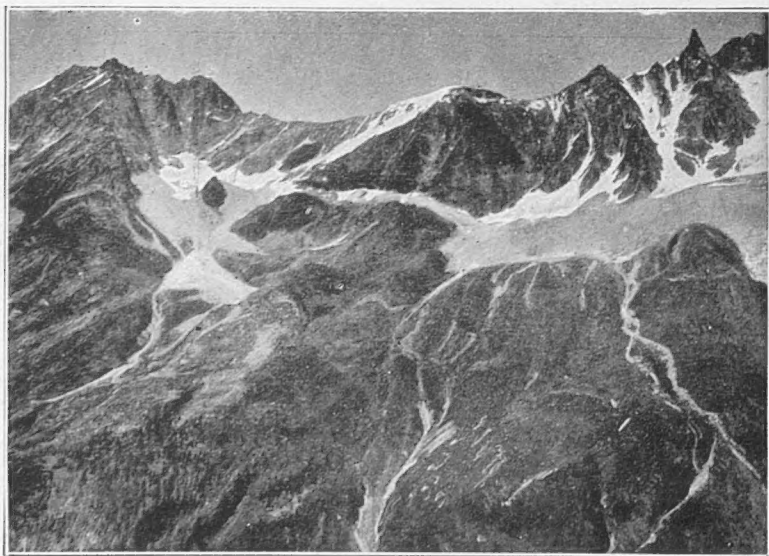
The tribute of death which every holiday season exacts is enough to make a pessimist stay at home. The bathing season, the Alpine season, the football-field, and the skating season—these go to make the melancholy round of pleasure's casualties. We could ill spare Dr. John Hopkinson, the great electrician, who was lost with his son and two daughters while attempting to climb a peak in the



THE HOTEL AT AROLLA WHERE DR. HOPKINSON WAS STAYING.

Valais Canton on the 27th ult. He started with his son and two daughters from Arolla to ascend the Petite Dent de Veisivi, one of the striking points dominating Evolena, in the Val d'Hérens, running south from the Rhône Valley at Sion. The ascent is not considered one of first-rate importance, and the party went without guides. As they started as late as half-past seven, they were not expected back till about seven in the evening. The time for their return passed, and, as they did not appear, Mrs. Hopkinson and her friends became anxious. After dark two search-parties were despatched, and one of the search-parties, consisting of a guide and two gentlemen, discovered Dr. Hopkinson and his children roped together and all dead on a moraine at the foot of the highest cliffs.

Dr. Hopkinson, who was born at Manchester in 1849, besides being Senior Wrangler in 1871, and first Smith's Prizeman, was a D.Sc. of London University, and a distinguished member of a distinguished family. His father was Alderman John Hopkinson, of Manchester, and of his five sons one is Professor Hopkinson, who recently resigned his seat as Member for Cricklade in order to preside over Victoria University, Manchester, and another son, Edward, is an electrical engineer in Manchester, while John was once characterised by Lord Kelvin as "an ornament to English science." Mr. Charles Hopkinson is a well-known consulting engineer. Dr. Hopkinson introduced many improvements in lighthouse apparatus and dynamos, and was an authority on electrostatics and magnetism. Dr. Hopkinson's eldest son had just quitted the party at Arolla for Australia. Mrs. Hopkinson is left with two younger children, fortunately also with friends, including Mrs. Fawcett and Dr. Ewing and his family.



THE PEAK FROM WHICH DR. HOPKINSON FELL.





THE CHARMING CHARMION AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Proprietor, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree. MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE'S SEASON. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Doo's open 7.30. **THE TERMAGANT.** A Play in Four Acts, by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson. **FIRST MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, Sept. 14, at 2.15.** Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open daily 10 till 10.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Sole Lessee, Mr. Frederick Harrison.  
Managers, Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30,  
**THE LITTLE MINISTER.**  
By J. M. Barrie.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY and MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30.  
Box Office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 10.

HAYMARKET.

## ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. George Alexander.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL'S SEASON.  
On SATURDAY, Sept. 10, at 8.30,  
**THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM,**  
A Comedy in Three Acts,  
By Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood.

## INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.

EARL'S COURT, West Brompton, and West Kensington.  
Director-General, ... IMRE KIRALFY.  
Admission Daily, 1s. Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
In the NEW FLORAL LOUNGE.  
The CHAMOUNIX MINSTRELS and other Attractions. Free.

## EMPERESS THEATRE.

Twice Daily, 3.30 and 8.30 p.m.  
**GRAND PATRIOTIC NAVAL SPECTACLE.**  
EVERY ENGLISHMAN MUST SEE IT.  
**THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.**  
REAL BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS  
BY MODEL MEN-OF-WAR.  
SUBMARINE MINES EXPLODED.  
FORTS VERSUS IRONCLADS.  
PEACE BY DAY. WAR BY NIGHT.

Thousands of reserved seats, 6d., 1s., 2s., and 3s.  
Mlle. Marguerite's Performing Lions, Imperial Japanese Troupe, American Lilliputian Troupe, Lion Baby Incubators, Festy's Grand Panorama, South Sea Island Joe, Jewell's Fantoccini, The Electric Theatre, Moorish Camp, Orient Theatre, Hagenbeck's Zoological Kindergarten, Viograph, The Electrophone, Switchback Railway, "X" Rays, Rifle Range, Belvedere Tower.  
**THE GREAT WHEEL, 300 FEET HIGH.**  
BAND of the GRENADIER GUARDS. BAND of the HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY.  
The LONDON EXHIBITIONS ORCHESTRAL BAND.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).

THE ROYAL MAIL ROUTE BETWEEN  
ENGLAND and BELFAST and THE NORTH OF IRELAND via KINGSTOWN,  
And EXPRESS SERVICES via DUBLIN (NORTH WALL) and via GREENORE.  
FASTEST AND MOST DIRECT SERVICE between  
SCOTLAND and IRELAND, via BELFAST.  
BREAKFAST AND DINING CARS BETWEEN DUBLIN and BELFAST.  
HOTELS UNDER THE COMPANY'S MANAGEMENT AT WARRENPOINT, ROSTREVOR,  
AND BUNDORAN.  
CIRCULAR TOURS from London and Principal Towns in England, embracing all places  
of interest and most picturesque scenery, and finest Fishing and Golfing in Ireland, including  
Lough Erne, Bundoran, Lough Gill, Donegal Coast, and Highlands.  
To obtain the Company's Time Tables, Illustrated Guides, and Programmes, and full information  
as to fares, routes, excursion arrangements, &c., apply to the Superintendent of the Line,  
Amlens Street Terminus, Dublin. HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.  
Dublin, 1898.

## THE NEW PALACE STEAMERS.

DAILY SEA TRIPS FROM LONDON BY  
"KOH-I-NOOR" and "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" for SOUTHBEND, MARGATE, and  
RAMSGATE daily.  
"LA MARGUERITE" to MARGATE, BOULOGNE, and back on Mondays, Wednesdays,  
Thursdays, and Saturdays. MARGATE and OSTEND and back on Tuesdays, and SOUTHBEND  
and MARGATE and back on Sundays.  
"LA BELGIQUE" to SOUTHBEND, MARGATE, and OSTEND every Monday, Thursday, and  
Saturday, returning on Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays.  
For further particulars as to fares and times of sailings, apply to  
T. E. BARLOW, Manager, 50, King William Street, E.C.

## THE CONTINENT, VIA NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE.

Two Express Through Services to Paris by day (in 9 hours) and by night from Victoria and  
London Bridge Week-days and Sun. days.—The Picturesque and Cheapest Route by Rouen and the  
charming Valley of the Seine.—Reduced Tickets and Tours for Switzerland, Italy, South of France,  
Austria, Bavaria, &c.—Cable by direct Steamer from Newhaven via Ostreham three weekly.—  
Cheap Circular Tours in Normandy and Brittany.

Time Books free on application to Continental Traffic Manager, London, Brighton, and  
South Coast Railway, London Bridge Station, S.E.

EXCURSIONS AND CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.	Hastings and Eastbourne.	Portsmouth and Isle of Wight.	Hastings and Eastbourne.	Tunbridge Wells and Brighton.	Brighton and Worthing.	Brighton.	Worthing.	Brighton and Worthing.	Eastbourne.	Brighton.	Portsmouth and Isle of Wight.
From	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K
Victoria ...	8 10	9 0	9 25	9 30	9 50	10 5	10 40	10 40	11 0	11 40	12 15
*Ken-Lighton ...	...	8 45	9 10	9 10	9 10	...	10 10	...	...	11 10	12 45
Clapham Junc.	8 15	9 10	9 30	9 35	9 35	10 12	10 45	...	10 52	11 45	12 22
London Bridge	8 5	8 40	9 25	9 25	9 5	...	9 25	...	...	12 0	2 30

\* (Addison Road). A.—Every Week-day, Fares 12s., 8s., 6d., 6s. B.—Every Sunday. C.—Every  
Week-day, Fares 7s., 5s., 3s., 6d. D.—Every Week-day, 12s., 6d. Brighton, 12s., 6d. Worthing,  
including Pullman Car to Brighton. E.—Every Saturday, Fare 10s., 6d. F.—Every Saturday, Fare  
11s. G.—Every Sunday, 10s. Brighton, 11s. Worthing. H.—Every Sunday, Pullman Car 13s., 6d.  
K.—Every Sunday, Fare 10s. L.—Every Saturday, returning by certain Trains the following  
Tuesday; Tickets to Isle of Wight also issued available for 4, 8, or 11 days.

**SEASIDE FOR WEEK-END.—EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY,  
AND SUNDAY,** from London and Suburban Stations.—Tickets available up to Monday or  
Tuesday Evening.

Many other Special Cheap Tickets are issued from London and Suburban Stations to most  
Stations on London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway and in the Isle of Wight.

For others than those mentioned above, see coloured pages of the Company's Time Book, or  
apply to the Superintendent of the Line, L. B. and S. C. Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

## "HER ROYAL HIGHNESS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Petula lived at a topsy-turvy Court where no one was allowed to work and no one was allowed to love. She was very beautiful, so many suitors came, among them the wealthy, handsome King Rollo of the country of Prospero. He, however, was determined, like the young Queen of Holland, not to make a loveless marriage; consequently, he presented himself as a humble minstrel. Rollo began by merely telling Petula what love was, and she thereupon refused to wed any of the other suitors, whereupon her father cast her off. For a year she wandered with the Prince as member of a strolling company of players; when Rollo felt certain she loved him, he declared his love and disclosed his rank to her, and, of course, they lived happily together ever after.

Here you have, in a few words, the story of Mr. Basil Hood's clever extravaganza, for which Mr. Walter Slaughter has written some effective and pretty, not amazing music. It is very agreeable to have a work of the musico-dramatic class in which the sentimental is treated seriously and the author has the courage to venture into the dangerous land of romance. Fortunately, Mr. Hood has two strings to his bow, and is able, without abandoning the poetic aspect of his work, to introduce abundance of excellent comic scenes. His rhymes *à la* Tom Hood were so ingenious as to cause roars of well-deserved laughter, and, indeed, my memory of Tom Hood does not tell me of any set of punning couplets more ingenious than those to be found in the comic duet called "Ups and Downs." His mechanical soldiers—old friends, perhaps, and in their old dresses—were very funny. Their malicious song about the *Saturday Review*, from which I dare not make a quotation, made a prodigious "hit." Moreover, he has introduced a character, not wholly novel it may be, that of an unsuccessful Court jester; it proved to be exceedingly entertaining. Much was due to the remarkably clever acting of Mr. Denny, whose desperate earnestness in his efforts at humour proved most piquant. At times, alas! the humour grew a little too subtle for some of the audience, which consequently jeered on several occasions where but for its dulness it would have laughed heartily. Perchance the humour of the Royal Guards in a state of despair because they had no work to do, and were not earning their pay fairly, was pushed a little too far, and, though Mr. William Wyes played with ample humour as the travelling showman, there was a trifle too much of gibing about players and their foibles and follies.

For once we have a Prince Charming who really is a charming Prince. Miss Louie Pounds looked quite delightful. I should like to own the copyright of her photograph as she appears in the first act. She sang prettily, recited some verses gracefully, and acted very well into the bargain. I wish I could write as amiably about Miss Kitty Loftus as Princess Petula. Unfortunately, though she worked energetically and cleverly as well, the music was too heavy for her voice; and there is very little of the fairy Princess in her style of acting. Mr. Warren Smith acted ably as the love-sick jester. Mr. Frank Barclay sang very well some of the sentimental music, and Miss Molly Lowell was successful in her singing, though the music was rather high-pitched for her. So clever is very much of Mr. Hood's play, and so great and steady has been his progress, that the question of his future is really one of importance to our stage.

E. F. S.

Visitors to Holland for the recent celebrations have been specially favoured by the Royal Mail-Route *via* Harwich and the Hook of Holland. By the improved service, inaugurated this year, in connection with carrying English mails, passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.30 p.m. arrive at Rotterdam, The Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and other chief Dutch towns, considerably earlier than by any other route. Continental travellers will also find a wonderfully convenient service by the Zeeland Steamship Company's Royal Mail Route *via* Queenboro' and Flushing. The large fast steamers of the company sail twice daily, the actual sea-passage occupying only two hours and three-quarters by the new 21-knots night-steamers. Through tickets may be booked and luggage may be registered at Victoria, Holborn Viaduct, St. Paul's, and Herne Hill to the principal stations on the Continent and *vice versa*. An excellent through connection between Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Queenboro' is effected by way of Willesden, without touching London.

## LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles." LORD MACAULAY.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

**THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR**  
affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain Scenery by Railway and Coach for  
**ONE HUNDRED MILES**  
around the South Kerry Peninsula.

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast. Breakfast and Dining Cars on Express Mail Trains between Dublin and Queenstown. For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. & N.-W., Midland, or G. W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.

"THE SUNNYSIDE OF IRELAND."  
How to see it by The Great Southern and Western Railway.  
"As a Guide, far in advance of anything before known amongst us."—*Irish Times*, July 11, 1898.  
On sale at Railway Bookstalls, price 1s., or post free for 1s. 4d. from R. G. Colhoun, Traffic Manager, Kingsbridge Terminus, Dublin.  
London Office, 2, Charing Cross.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen is once more at Balmoral. As usual, she travelled last Wednesday by the West Coast route, her train being drawn by the famous "Dunalastairs." Most people have heard something of the "Dunalastair" locomotive, though probably unaware of the fact that as many as fifteen locomotives of the Caledonian Railway, all built on the same type, bear that general appellation. These expresses, placed on the service two years ago, have now to yield their premier position to still more powerful locomotives, carrying an amount of water capable, it is calculated, of taking a heavy train from Carlisle to Perth—one hundred and fifty miles—without a stop. In a recent journey, one of these new locomotives registered a speed of seventy-three, seventy-four, and seventy-five miles an hour at various points. Designed by Mr. J. F. McIntosh, the Locomotive Superintendent of the Caledonian Railway, the Royal State Railways Administration of Belgium have been so well satisfied with the results of their test of the new engines, that five locomotives of similar design are now in course of construction for the Belgian Government at Messrs. Neilson and Co.'s works in Glasgow. As a matter of fact, the train by which the Queen travels through Scotland has three locomotives. The pilot is a massive and powerful engine, and the other two are of the improved "Dunalastair" type so prominently associated with their designer.

Of all the lovely spots embowered in the luxuriant greenery of the fertile West Country, few are more beautiful than Mount Edgecumbe, where the Prince of Wales was a guest last week. It is said that even in the days of good Queen Bess its natural beauties excited the admiration of the Admiral of the ill-fated Armada, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, to such a degree that he stipulated that, in the forthcoming partition of our "tight little island," Mount Edgecumbe should be his. Alas for the futility of human arrangements, as the Duke did not come and take it, it remained in the hands of its English owners. In a later day the charms of Mount Edgecumbe stirred Garrick so deeply that the great actor was guilty of the following whimsical tribute to the glories of the place—

This mount all the mounts of Great Britain surpasses;  
'Tis the haunt of the Muses, the Mount of Parnassus.  
Fame lies: 'tis not Stratford, this, this is the spot  
Where Genius on Nature our Shakspeare begot;  
This only the birthplace of Shakspeare could be,  
Whose wonders can e'en make a poet of me.

And yet another admirer, a Devonshire worthy, some fifty years ago declared that "to convey a correct idea of this region of enchantment is a task adapted rather to the pencil than to the pen, and the mind almost shrinks from the attempts to embody in mere words even a faint image of so much beauty." The mansion that Medina Sidonia coveted was built by Sir Richard Edgecumbe in 1550, and its glories had been much enhanced by the time that Garrick paid his visit there. The visitor who to-day stands on the peninsula between Hamoaze and the Sound occupied by the domain of the Earls of Mount Edgecumbe can easily understand the cupidity of the Spanish grandee and the admiration of the votary of Thespis.

It has been lately rumoured, though I believe erroneously, that the War Office has cast an acquisitive eye upon Mount Edgecumbe. Had this been the case, it would have found a precedent in Mount Wise, where, on the craggy headland opposite the home of the Edgecumbes, Sir Thomas Wise signalled his ownership by building a stately mansion,

which, with that imitation that is the sincerest flattery, he christened in the same style as that of the Edgecumbes' stately domain. All but the name, however, has long since passed into oblivion, and "cannon frown and soldiers dwell" where the manor-house of the Wises once stood.

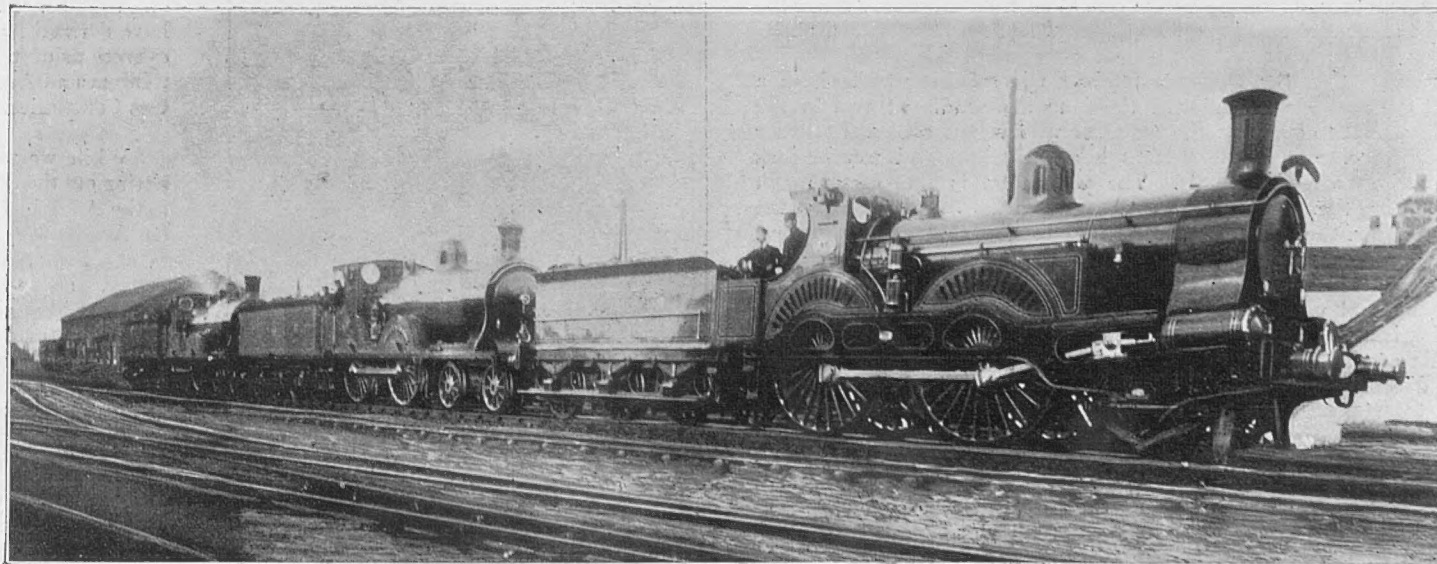
The nurses of the City of Dublin Nursing Institution who served in the typhus fever epidemic of 1897 in the Island of Iniskea, Ireland, and nursed the islanders, have just got the decoration conferred by the Prince of Wales, Grand Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Lord Cadogan made the presentations.

There has been sent to me in a cardboard box (which recalls the shell of a certain choice edition of Omar Kháyyám) a sumptuous volume, morocco-bound, gilt-edged, and tooled after the manner of dainty poetry-books. But lo! it dealt not with *belles lettres*, but with gas! The two may, in the opinion of some cynics, be practically identical; not so here, for the book treats of gas practically—that is, from the engineer's standpoint. It abounds with tables which unpleasantly recall that aversion of student days—Napier's Logarithms. This printed wilderness of decimals must have cost hundreds of pounds to set. The title is "Handbook for Gas Engineers and Managers," the author is Newbigging, the publisher Walter King. Why, oh why, I wonder, was this work sent to an ethereal journal? Possibly some will answer, "Like to like." To be sure. *The Sketch*, too, knows how to deal with gas—practically.



DUBLIN NURSES WHO FOUGHT THE TYPHUS FEVER OUTBREAK ON THE ISLAND OF INISKEA.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE ENGINES THAT PULLED THE QUEEN'S TRAIN TO SCOTLAND.

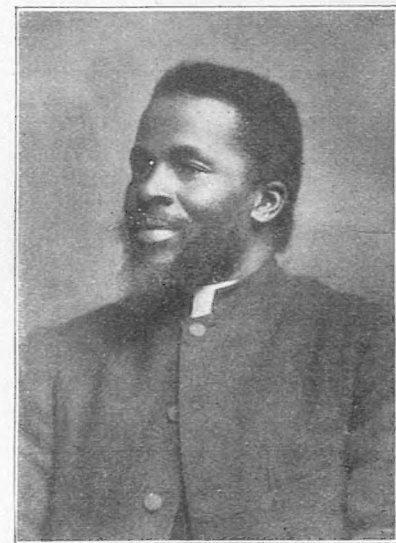


Sir Edward Russell, in his address to the Institute of Journalists at Nottingham, lamented that judges and juries sometimes failed to understand that a newspaper is directed by a sense of public duty. I question whether the average jurymen will ever be brought to see this in regard to criticism. If every man who is censured in the newspapers or caricatured in *Punch* were to bring an action, I believe he would recover damages. The loose wording of the law of libel penalises any criticism which may bring the subject of it into ridicule and contempt, and it often happens that perfectly legitimate criticism must have, or seem to have, this effect. The average jurymen cannot discriminate in such a case. When any question of art arises, he takes the purely commercial view. Criticism may mean loss of money to an artist; therefore, the critic must be mulcted in damages whenever he is brought to book. No pleading, however eloquent, can drive this idea out of the jurymen's head and make him see that a critic has a right to express an honest opinion, even if it should prove materially injurious to the subject of his strictures.

The Rev. Simon P. Sihlali, of Tembuland, who returned last week to South Africa in the *Norham Castle*, is doubtless the most interesting Kaffir who has visited England for some years. He was the first Kaffir to matriculate at the Cape University, and also the first to represent officially the Churches of South Africa at the Congregational Union of England and Wales. This he did in May last, when he was heartily welcomed by the Rev. Alfred Rowland, the President of that body. Mr. Sihlali, who was educated at Lovedale, was ordained in 1884 at Graaff-Reinet, entering two years later on his work in Tembuland. He has been instrumental in securing the erection of six places of worship and schools, and his church has a membership of six hundred persons. During his brief stay in England, friends have subscribed over £450

towards the erection of a permanent church at Solomon's Vale, the centre of his field of labours, for which the Chief Mgudlwa has presented a site.

The unique collection of rubbings of English and foreign monumental brasses and incised slabs which was formed by the late Rev. William Frederic Greeny has been bequeathed by the collector to the British Museum. The reverend gentleman, whose labours in the field of Christian archaeology caused him to travel over a large part of Europe, was the author of a magnificent work dealing with monumental brasses in Continental cities, which was published about fourteen years ago. The enthusiasm of this collector (writes one who knew him well), as, stretched out at full length in the aisle of some sacred edifice,

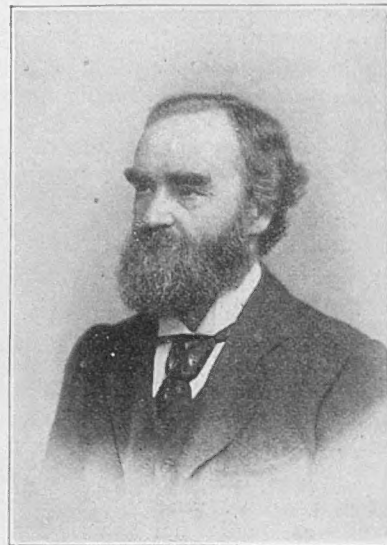


THE REV. SIMON P. SIHLALI.  
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

he solemnly proceeded with the operation of rubbing, was not always intelligible to the ordinary wayfarer. It is not surprising, therefore, that he had many refreshing stories to tell of the troubles which beset him while in pursuit of his favourite hobby. For instance, on one occasion, after working for the greater part of the day in Paderborn Cathedral, he discovered to his horror that he had been locked in. Just as he had exhausted all apparent means of escape, the worthy cleric espied a bell-rope, which he pulled with the vigour of a shipwrecked mariner who has at last attracted the notice of a passing craft. The effect was electrical, although scarcely less terrifying to the frightened villagers than the antics of Gaspard the Miser in the Château of Corneville. Unaccustomed to a summons to prayers at such an unearthly hour, the bravest of them rushed down to the cathedral and released the prisoner.

The rumour that Sir Herbert Kitchener is suffering badly from a trouble of the eyes is a reminder of the dangers attending travel in the East. One is apt to laugh at the traveller who is not ashamed to wear big blue spectacles and who washes his eyes night and morning as carefully as he washes his hands. The precaution is very necessary in all places where there are cactus-plants. When the leaves of the cactus become very dry, they yield a delicate fibre to the wind, and this fibre, carried for miles, has a great and disastrous liking for the human eye. Once it gets there, ophthalmia follows. You may be miles from the cactus-plants, and yet, without glasses and careful attention to the eyes, a great risk is always run. In the East I have seen countless cases of ophthalmia attacking young children and old people, and always with the same disastrous result. Everybody will hope that the Sirdar is not suffering from any form of ophthalmic trouble, though, whatever the form of his complaint may be, the impalpable desert dust that makes a way through the very pores of your skin must aggravate it. The Soudan is yielding glory to the British soldier and will yield benefit to British trade, but no man should imagine that these benefits are not heavily priced. You may conquer men and bring back fertility to the soil and prosperity to the cities, but the desert finds out the weak spots in the army of invasion and takes such revenge as it can.

I hear that an Edinburgh firm of lawyers is steadily working at the case of the Rev. John Sinclair, of Kinloch Rannoch, Perth, who claims the Earldom of Sutherland. Not only the title, but lands to the value of £10,000 a-year are awaiting the reverend gentleman if his claim be successful. The curious part of the story is that the claimant was unaware of his position until the whole matter was worked out by one of his kinsmen, Mr. Thomas Sinclair, who is a great authority on genealogy, and practises the art of journalism in London. Mr. Sinclair has written several books, including "Humanities," and he is an enthusiastic antiquary.



MR. THOMAS SINCLAIR, WHO HAS  
DISCOVERED A LONG-LOST HEIR.

The beadle of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, has attained a certain notoriety of late. The Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, one Sunday morning last month, was remonstrated with by that individual for choosing that day for a quiet and brief inspection of the interior of the edifice. The incident somewhat bewildered the reverend gentleman, until he discovered, on relating his experience to his Scottish host, that "the pious guardian of the Sabbath received threepence for every visitor on week-days." Two American visitors appear to have had an equally unpleasant experience of this functionary, for, after paying their threepence on a week-day and proceeding to leisurely examine the cathedral, the beadle "fastened on them at once and refused to be shaken off." They "paid no attention," one of them wrote to a newspaper, "to his yarns, and bolted to the other end of the church; but it was no use—he swooped down on them and continued his drone," with the result that they left the building in disgust.

Though the British Aluminium Company acquired the right to use the water of the River Foyers for motive-power, the overflow at the celebrated Falls has not so far been perceptibly diminished. The recent dry weather has, of course, lessened the amount of water in the stream, with the consequence that the Falls are not as a spectacle so impressive as they are in a rainy season. In their six-mile-long reservoir, created by the union of Lochs Garth and Farraline, the Aluminium Company has an unfailing supply of water, so that their requirements are met without drawing to any appreciable extent on the river. At the same time, it is a fact that the picturesque character of the Falls has been considerably marred by the death of numbers of spruce-fir trees in the vicinity. The forester in charge asserts that these trees have been exhibiting symptoms of decay for two years, and that spruce-firs four miles above the Falls, as well as in the immediate neighbourhood of Inverness, are likewise in process of decay. The native population do not appear to interest themselves greatly about this, but congratulate themselves on the benefit they have derived from the operations of the Aluminium and Acetylene Gas Companies.



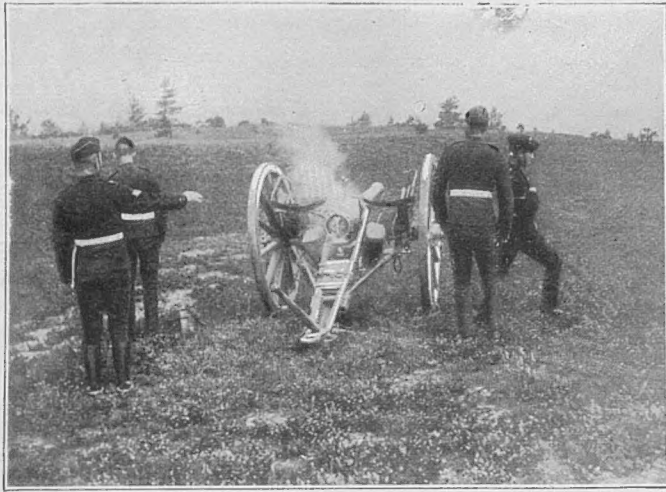
MR. SCOTT FISHE, OF THE SAVOY.  
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

While we were all sitting out the *première* in the Adelphi Theatre on Wednesday, Mr. Scott Fishe, of the Savoy, shot himself dead at Chiswick. He had just returned from Jamaica, where he went in search of health, for consumption had laid a heavy hand on him, and his voice was gone. The depressing effect of such a loss on a singer has been poignantly interpreted in one of George Eliot's poems. It had worked on Scott Fishe's mind, with the result we know. He was excellent as the Mikado, and his fine figure made him stand out in several of Mr. Carte's more recent productions.



Some years back it was supposed that the lance was doomed as a cavalry weapon, and in the French Army particularly it was being discarded. Now, however, the tendency is quite the other way, for a portion of all our Dragoon regiments are armed with lances, and the 21st Hussars (now in the Soudan), which in its comparatively short regimental history has been Light Dragoons also, has been converted into a Lancer regiment. The recent operations in the Swat Valley so conclusively proved the superiority of the lance that some of the British officers used hog-spears in preference to the sword, as they could thus always keep off a Ghazi anxious to get to close quarters.

The experiences of the Soudan campaign have so far gone quite against the peculiar policy lately adopted of abolishing distinctive regimental facings and badges, for, as predicted by a German officer a little time ago, the result has been most confusing in the field, and might in certain circumstances actually prove disastrous. Among the British troops with the Sirdar it has been found absolutely necessary to adopt special cockades, puggarees, and other distinctions, to mark the various regiments; so that the assimilation does not possess even the virtue of utility. There could scarcely be a greater condemnation of the policy, quite apart from sentimental reasons.



FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION.



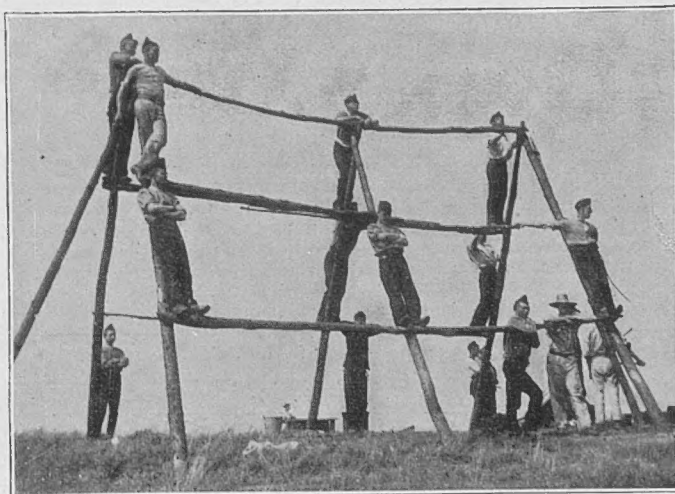
MARINES WASHING UP.



TOMMY'S SUNDAY AFTERNOON.



TOMMY SPARS.



A GOOD LOOK-OUT.



MAKING A SENTRY-BOX.

THE MEN WHO ARE FIGHTING THE BLOODLESS BATTLE ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

*From Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.*

The pessimists who predicted that the British troops in the Soudan would die by scores before the advance took place have fortunately been proved wrong, for, in spite of the terrible dust-storms which have raged almost daily, the heat, and the consequent discomfort, the percentage of sick has been wonderfully small. The brigade which awaited at Atbara the arrival of the reinforcements have been eating, drinking, and breathing dust for months, and yet have seemed to thrive on that unsatisfactory diet. One of the pleasantest features is the good-feeling that exists between the British and Egyptian Tommy; indeed, the latter entertains the utmost respect, and even affection, for his British officer.

It is but the other day that the successful Military Tournament at Islington came to a close, yet already arrangements for 1899 are being made. Lord Methuen, whose experiences on the Indian frontier have made him quite an enthusiast as to the fighting qualities of the native soldiery, has been in communication with Rajahs and Maharajahs, and there is a good deal of excitement in the Native States over the matter. It is quite settled that a strong contingent of Imperial Service troops will be brought to England next summer, and the taking of Seringapatam or of Bhurtpore or Gwalior will possibly form one of the attractions at merrie Islington.



Probably the strangest scene to be witnessed in England last week was the invasion of Dartmouth—sleepy Dartmouth—by seven or eight hundred Russian soldiers on their way to garrison Port Arthur. When coming down the English Channel, the transport—one of the famous Russian Volunteer Fleet—met with a collision, and owing to the serious damage she sustained she put into Dartmouth for repairs. There she will remain for several weeks, and meanwhile the troops must have some exercise, so they are landed in detachments, and marched along the beautiful highways and byways of the neighbourhood, to the wonder of the inhabitants and the naval cadets of the training-ship *Britannia*. They are all remarkably well-built men of about 5 ft. 7 in. in height, with loose white blouses and the usual peaked caps of the Russian Army. What is even more interesting than their marching is the excellence of their singing of patriotic songs, with which, as they passed over hill and through dale, they woke up the countryside. The singing consists of solos sung by one of the soldiers in front, and choruses lustily and musically rendered by the main body.

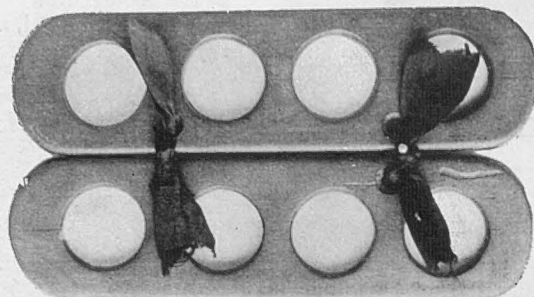
In France and Russia the assistance which the singing of some swinging song is to men on the march is recognised to a far greater extent than with us. In the French Navy there is an Inspector of Singing, who spends his life in going from port to port teaching the men how to sing Dibdin-like ditties of his own composition. The experiment has proved so much of a success that this Frenchman will now take the naval cadets at Brest in hand and teach them how to use their voices. In a few years' time, consequently, every officer and sailor in the French Navy will be able to sing, and, when they go into action, ashore or afloat, they will keep their courage up by going over the old patriotic and other songs taught them in times of peace.

I have received this letter from Hong-Kong—

DEAR SIR,—Before commencing to air my—or rather, I should say, our—complaints, I must inform you that we have been readers of *The Sketch* for some years now, and have always considered it a first-class paper, quite free from “rot”—in fact, whenever the mail arrives here and the papers are brought to the Mess, there is always a rush for *Sketch*; and at the end of the month, when the old papers are sold by auction to the members, *Sketch* always fetches more than cost price. I am just stating this to let you see how much we value your paper; but what I wish to mention is that, on one or two occasions lately, there have been things we were very sorry indeed to see. The last number we received out here was the one dated June 22, and that is the most glaring case we have noticed. On the front page is a very nice picture indeed, but the words underneath are what has caused the row—“*Isn't she dainty? This is Miss Blanche Vaudon, in 'The French Maid.'*” Again, on page 366 is a most charming picture, but the words, “*This is an excellent sample of wood-engraving, and isn't the girl sweet?*” The words in italics are the objectionable ones. Now, surely, sir, this is not *Sketch* style? We think it is much too low—more after the *Police Budget*, or *New York Herald*, or some of those low American papers. I hope you will find time to read this. I don't suppose you will have time for more; so, trusting you will pardon my cheek, I must leave it to you to decide whether you can consider your readers' wishes in the Far East.

The rollicking, hard-fighting, hard-living days when naval officers made their fortunes by prize-money are gone. It is said that, while commanding the British squadron in the East Indies, one Admiral amassed a fortune that brought him in £40,000 a-year during the remainder of his life, and from a single capture many an officer has received as much as £5000 and each seaman several hundred pounds. These days are passed, but periodically one may see in the *London Gazette* a notice that the prize-money resulting from the capture of this or that slave-dhow or other ship will be distributed. But these payments are very small, as a rule. Last year the whole sum amounted to slightly less than £2500, which included salvage money hardly earned. This sum was shared between the officers and crews of H.M.S. *Barrosa*, *Lapwing*, *Philomel*, *Thrush*, and *Widgeon*, the largest sum, £796 8s. 10d.—the Admiralty are always exact to a farthing—going to the *Barrosa*, for a number of slave-dhows seized on the West African coast. The most curious thing about this distribution of prize-money is that the Paymaster-General of the Navy has in his possession no less a sum than £50,995 5s. 6d., prize-money that has never been claimed by its rightful owners, officers and men of the Navy.

In the old Dames' Schools in country districts, even so late as fifty or sixty years ago, there was always kept on the desk, side by side with the birch, a pair of finger-stocks. As the children went up in turn to the desk to repeat their lessons, they were each obliged to put on these stocks. The hands were placed behind the back, and the four fingers of each hand



FINGER-STOCKS.

inserted in the holes. With the shoulders brought well back, the child in this position was absolutely helpless, and entirely at the mercy of the old dame, should she be inclined to use the birch or box the ears of any delinquent scholar. These finger-stocks were also used as a mode of punishment, the children having to stand with their hands fixed in them for an hour or more at a time. Although they do not look a very formidable method of torture, it only remains for them to be tried to satisfy the inquirer of their efficacy. The finger-stocks here illustrated are the actual size of the picture. They came from a remote village in Wales, and are made of lime-wood, tied together with old brown ribbon.

It is proposed to stop recruiting among the Sikhs for the Straits Settlements Police, not because of any inefficiency on their part, but because it is being realised that the supply is running short. What with the demand for their services in Africa, the Straits Settlements, and the Indian frontier, these splendid soldiers are getting decidedly scarce. As proof of their bravery and efficiency, if such were needed, it may be noted that of the two Sikh regiments at Dargai no less than twenty-three men have received the Order of Merit.

I have lately come across a quaint old hand-bill which may be of interest to those among my rustic readers contemplating matrimony—

“May no miscarriage  
Prevent my marriage.”

“Matthew Dowsell, in Bothell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen, and to return to Bothell to dine. Mrs. Reed gives a turkey to be roasted; Edward Clementson gives a fat lamb to be roasted; William Elliot gives a hen to be roasted; Joseph Gibson gives a pig to be roasted; William Hodgson gives a fat calf to be roasted. And in order that all this roast meat may be well basted, Mary Pearson, Patty Hodgson, Mary Bushby, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse give each of them a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide everything else suitable for so festive an occasion. And he hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present disengaged; and he advises them to consider that, though there may be luck in leisure, yet in this case delays are dangerous, for with him he is determined it shall be first come, first served—

“So come a'long, lasses, who wish to be married;  
Mat Dowsell is vexed that so long he has tarried.”

A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom an hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole.

That is the world-famous and unrivalled view, painted in the undying words of Walter Scott, which the sale of Glover's Island (as it is now called) may perchance, unless the good folks of Richmond come to the rescue, mar with the flaunting advertisement of a patent pill or the up-to-date attractions of the last music-hall ballet. The view from Richmond Hill is not the particular property of the dwellers in that charming suburb; it is the pride of London, the heritage of the English-speaking world, and it is devoutly to be wished that the publicity given to the matter in the columns of *The Sketch* and other journals will prevent the desecration of a prospect that elicited from the “Wizard of the North” a tribute immortalised in “The Heart of Midlothian.”

I have met two men who have just returned from Klondyke. They are enthusiastic about the country, despite its dangers, and one of them dispels your doubts by delving out nuggets from every pocket.



IF YOU WANT KLONDYKE'S GOLD, THIS MOUNTAIN (CHILCOOT) MUST BE CLIMBED.



Pontlottyn is one of the large coal-mining parishes on the hills of Glamorganshire. It borders upon Merthyr and Dowlais on one side and upon Tredegar on the other. The parish consists of six colliery villages with about seven thousand inhabitants entirely dependent upon the coal.

In villages such as these during a strike the people have absolutely nothing to subsist on as they may have in older and more established towns. The Vicar (the Rev. T. Rees), with a staff of workers, has kept a soup-kitchen for children open here for the last eighteen weeks. Great care is taken that the children only are relieved, and each child has to bring a cup and eat its food in the school-room before returning home. A great number of the children are without shoes and stockings and are in a terribly destitute state. What will they do when the winter comes?

There are conveyances less comfortable and convenient than the light and graceful cart used by Burmans of the better class for road-travel. Its lack of springs is, in a measure, atoned for by the position of the axle, behind which the floor of the cart curves up boldly, forming, with a couple of blankets, a capital couch for a long journey. Ordinary cattle are too slow to be driven in these carts, and when a European has occasion to hire one he always stipulates for "trotting bullocks," which can trot a good six miles an hour at their curious, jerky gait, and keep it up, if not over-pressed, for half a day on a smooth road. The ladies in the picture are evidently bound for the pagoda or some festive gathering, as witness their jewellery and best clothes, and more obviously the gala trappings of the bright red-bay cattle. The projecting

"forecastle" in which the driver squats is often supported by beautifully carved teak brackets, while the bow-shaped cross-piece of the yoke usually carries one of the cleverly carved figures in which the Burmese excel. You may weary of the soul-piercing screech of the wheels on the ungreased axles (the

owner approves the worst possible screech as intimidating to possible wild beasts on a jungle journey), and also of the ceaseless jangle of the flattened two-tongued bells hung at the necks of the cattle; but in a Burmese cart you will never be revolted by the tail-twisting, flogging, and goading which render painful travel behind a native Indian. The Burman is above all things humane, and depends far more on his voice than on his rod.

The Governor of Shanghai recently issued a proclamation in view of an eclipse. "The moon," it ran, "is about to be devoured. All our trusty citizens are invited to make as much noise as possible in order to rescue the orb from the monster who designs to eat it up." In spite of their title of "Celestials" and their world-old civilisation, our friends the Chinese are evidently not up-to-date with their astronomy.

I should like to draw your attention to the capital series of shilling pictorial guides to various parts of the country that are being published by Messrs. Ward and Lock. The type is excellent, making the books a distinct improvement on any former issues, and the maps by Bartholomew leave nothing to be desired. The book on Scotland gives a picture of the birthplace of "Dr. J. M. Barrie."



POOR CHILDREN AT PONTLOTTYN.



A BURMESE PASSENGER-CART.



The New Palace Steamers are at the end of the season. The *Koh-i-Noor* stopped on Monday, *La Belgique* ends on Sunday, and *La Marguerite* on Wednesday. This will leave only the popular *Royal Sovereign*, which will continue her sailings until Sept. 19. The patronage accorded by



THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" PASSING TOWARDS THE TOWER BRIDGE WITH HER FUNNEL DOWN.

the classes as well as by the masses to these steamers, during the season now nearly ended, proves that they are increasing in public favour.

I offer a battered heart to the young Queen of Holland. This, of course, is not with a view to any matrimonial proposal, for circumstances do not allow me the necessary freedom for that step. None the less, I have a passing tender emotion for Queen Wilhelmina, and I would drink her health in the best Schiedam but for a lifelong repugnance to that liquid. I suppose her Majesty will have a consort by-and-by, and, but for the circumstances darkly hinted at above, I might apply for the post. I would skate with thee, Wilhelmina, on frozen canals by moonlight. We would linger over Rembrandts together (a capital opportunity for collecting Rembrandts, for which I have always had a weakness), and on the beach at Scheveningen in the summer would disport ourselves in the waves, to the great contentment of our loyal subjects. But this fond dream is not for me. I daresay it is haunting many a passably well-set-up Britisher at this moment who remembers that Dutch William sat on the British throne, and might have left a Dutch dynasty. Does not Albert Chevalier still sing "My Old Dutch"? It is such memories and associations, and a warm admiration for a very nice young woman, which incline the heart of Britain to sentiment and Amsterdam. As Tennyson wrote (or would have written had he lived till now)—

Bachelors, widowers, wed tho' we be,  
We're all of us wed to the worship of thee,  
Wilhelmina!

Let me be her troubadour for the nonce—

Your Majesty, Queen but a day,  
This morning I graciously greet you.  
I've known you for many a May,  
Though I've ne'er had the pleasure to meet you.  
You've tapped at our hearts  
By philately's arts,  
You reign in the schoolboy's collection;  
With a miniature face,  
You have yet such a grace—  
A Princess, I think, to perfection.

I've seen you in lilac and brown  
(I speak of the stamp's valuation).  
But ne'er with a beautiful crown,  
And ne'er as the Queen of a nation.  
And yet you're a Queen,  
Though you're only eighteen,  
With the burden of Government laden;  
And though I'm aware  
That you've done up your hair,  
I shall dream of you still as a maiden.

We've met you in papers galore,  
We've seen you in ornaments Friesian,  
We noticed you often of yore  
Beam forth with a smile that's Elysian.  
But we can't have too much  
Of a dear little Dutch  
Who is many a magazine's pendant—  
Though I think it is strange  
That you come in their range,  
Since you're William the Silent's descendant.

Your Majesty, Queen of a day,  
Yet I hope of full many a morrow,  
We owe you a debt which we pay,  
For much had we reason to borrow.  
So we drink to the health,  
To the worth and the wealth,  
Of the youngest of Queens, Wilhelmina;  
May the Queen of my song  
Live as bravely and long  
As Victoria, Empress—Regina.

If I may address a petition to the young Queen, it is that she should signalise her coronation by reforming the Dutch currency. That florin is a terrible coin for the foreign visitor. He soon finds out that its purchasing value is about a franc. This makes Holland a woefully dear country to travel in—at all events, in the towns. I was nearly ruined at Amsterdam and The Hague, and came away with a blistering sense of injury, and a suspicion that the great deeds of the Dutch under William the Silent had been a good deal exaggerated. Motley's "Dutch Republic," dear to my boyhood, had not prepared me for the phantasmal value of the florin. I mention this with the hope that Queen Wilhelmina may order her Finance Minister to make an inquiry. I don't want any money compensation, but for a Rembrandt or two I shall be delighted to clear the account.

Here is one of the many legends about Wilhelmina. The King lost no opportunity of impressing on his daughter an idea of her great importance. He had given strict orders in her presence that her daily walk in the woods at Loo with her governess were on no account to be interrupted. On one occasion the Baroness van R—, one of the most popular ladies attached to the rather dull Court, was taking the prescribed promenade with the young Princess, when, on suddenly turning a corner of the alley, a man on horseback appeared, who drew up abruptly on seeing the lady and the girl. It was the Baroness's brother, who had just returned from Java, and whom she had not seen for two years. Leaping from his horse, he clasped his sister in his arms, covering her face with fraternal kisses. Wilhelmina, who was seven at the time, showed unmistakable signs of being thoroughly scandalised at this scene, and the Baroness, quickly grasping the situation, hastened to send off her brother, making an appointment to meet him later in her private apartments. Not another word was spoken by either the Baroness van R— or her pupil, and the walk being ended, they returned to the palace. The little girl recounted the story, which the Queen listened to attentively, exhibiting some uneasiness as the recital proceeded, thinking, perhaps unconsciously, of the irate King and his thick cane. "Finish your luncheon," she said to her daughter. "I will speak to the King." "It is for me to speak. Papa made me promise never to hide anything from him." "Your father was in good health then; now he is very ill, and I forbid you to trouble him." Without replying, the little girl rose and went towards the door. "Princess, the Queen of Holland orders you to stay here and keep silent," said Queen Emma, quickly interposing and bolting the door. Wilhelmina stopped, drew back, reflected for a moment, then, making a profound curtsy, said, "Since it is the Queen who gives the order, I obey, but," turning towards the trembling governess, "I hope such a thing will never occur again."

The Montenegrins are very angry with the Austrians because some officers at Ragusa have been making after-dinner speeches, and declaring that they hope soon to make a meal off the principality. They further assert that all Montenegrin correspondence is tampered with on its passage through Austrian territory.

The Germans and Welsh have hitherto carried off the palm for long words, but the Flemish name for a motor-car eclipses them altogether. I am looking forward to the time when a Brussels policeman, seeing one of these vehicles careering furiously through the streets, will feel called upon to apostrophise it, and say, "Hii! stop there, you rumbling old Snelpaardelooszondersporrwegvapeurrijtuig!"

The genius of the Dutch in raising money for charitable purposes is again shown in connection with the approaching festivities. A series of illustrated post-cards have been issued, the profits arising from the sale of which are to go to aged army veterans. On the right-hand corner are



A DUTCH POST-CARD SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD SOLDIERS.

tiny sketches from the works of modern Dutch painters like Jozef Israëls; to the left the latest portrait of Queen Wilhelmina; below it the army medal, inscribed with the motto, "Courage, Tact, and Faith," repeated in the centre of the card. Below that, again, is the sentiment from an old Dutch writer—"Honour to those who give their lives for King and Fatherland." The centre indicates that the post-card has been issued in connection with the enthronement of Queen Wilhelmina I.



Italy has just been celebrating the centenary of the birth of Giacomo Leopardi, one of the greatest of Italian poets since Dante and Petrarch. This anniversary has been celebrated with imposing ceremonial in all the universities. But the most interesting event of this literary festival took place at Recanati, the home of the eloquent but melancholy author of the "Infelicità." At that place a statue of the poet was unveiled, and fellow-poets recited verses. The committee appointed to examine the unpublished manuscripts left by Leopardi have selected those most worthy of publication. They consist of two or three odes, some fragments of tragedies, and some letters. The remaining papers will be given back to the family. As is well known, the author of "Ginestra" is laid to rest in the little chapel of San Vitale, near Naples, not far from the tomb of "the bard of Mantua." The Neapolitans deck his sepulchre with flowers and sweet-smelling broom-corn, their favourite plant, and one which was sung by him whom Musset called "the sad lover of death." A wreath of bronze has been deposited there by a delegation of students selected from all the Italian universities.

Did you ever hear of Johannes Honterus? He was born at Kronstadt (Brasso) in 1497, and, after studying and travelling in Central Europe, where he came in contact with the new learning and with the teaching of Martin Luther, went back to Transylvania and became the Reformer of that region. He introduced the printing-press and organised the schools, and is spoken of as the "Apostle of Transylvania." The Saxons of the Siebenbürgen have taken advantage of the fourth centenary of his birth to hold a great reunion at Kronstadt, when, among many other celebrations which took place, a statue of Honterus was inaugurated at the corner of the "Black Church," in which he preached. The "Black Church" dates from 1385-1425.



THE BLACK CHURCH.

Photo by Adler, Kronstadt.

has left France and settled down in the South of Algeria. He turned Mohammedan some years ago and is most fervent in the exercise of his new religion. He has abandoned all his political ambitions and has again taken up the pursuit of medicine. He doctors the members of the tribe whose hospitality he enjoys, and no doubt before long he will be venerated by them as a Marabout, or saint.

The Spanish Government continues to exercise a rigorous censorship over the Press, and it is not only the Carlist papers that are overhauled. All disquieting telegrams and rumours are ruthlessly suppressed, and the editors are often hard put at the last moment to find something with which to fill up the empty spaces. The Carlists often do this with large capital letters, such as I illustrated a few weeks ago; but other papers, not wishing to dot the "i's" so much, use as padding verses of Scripture, cookery recipes, hints about hygiene, and chestnuts that have been known ever since the first printing-press was invented. The censure applies equally to the headings and posters, which touch a larger circle of the public than articles themselves. The result is that Spanish newspapers, accustomed to the most sensational head-lines, are now reduced to this kind of thing: "Remedy for Mosquito-Bites," "Boric Acid for the Digestion," while perhaps sandwiched between these exciting statements will be seen in very small print, "Telegram from General Agustin," who, by the way, is commanding in Manila.

An interesting interview, which may perhaps have important consequences, recently took place between the Sultan and M. Rhallys, late Prime Minister of Greece. M. Rhallys had been present at the Selamlık, and was surprised when the Sultan, who knows everything which goes on at Constantinople, heard of his presence and sent to propose an interview. It proved most cordial, beginning with the offer of a cigarette and ending with the acceptance of the Grand Cordon of the Osmanlı, which, by the way, has aroused some suspicion in Greece.

The Sultan said that the late war had been "a great misunderstanding"; that his predecessor and himself had always been very well disposed towards Greece; and he now hoped that, taking the example of Germany and Austria, their two nations might follow up their war with a close and lasting alliance. His Majesty went on to complain that,

though the Queen of Greece often went through the Bosphorus in her yacht, she had never yet landed at Constantinople, where it would give him great pleasure to receive her.

Prince Paul Esterhazy has just died at his seat, Castle Bockenhaus, at the age of fifty-five. He was a great lover of sport, and ran his horses with some success at German and Austrian race-meetings.

I give a portrait of Miss Lawrence, who was married to-day at Brompton Oratory to Mr. Arthur Pollen of the *Daily Mail*. Miss Lawrence is the daughter of the Chairman of the Linotype Company.



MRS. POLLEN (NÉE MISS LAWRENCE).

Photo by Robinson, Redhill.

French tricolour from 1794, our red flag with the Union Jack in the corner from 1801, the Italian flag from 1848, that of Austro-Hungary from the compromise of 1867, that of the German Empire from 1871, and the present Russian tricolour from almost the other day. The Americans have, however, been constantly adding stars, the number of which has now risen from thirteen to forty-four. With the forthcoming policy of expansion, it will now, there is little doubt, have to undergo further modifications.

Since I published the picture of the "oldest inhabited house in England" I have got some particulars of the structure. It stands close to the River Ver, and about two hundred and fifty yards from St. Albans Abbey. It was built in the time of King Offa of Mercia, about the year 795, and thus is over 1100 years old. It is of octagonal shape, the upper portion being of oak, and the lower has walls of great thickness. Last century it was a famous resort for witnessing cock-fights. At one time it was fortified and bore the name St. German's Gate.

Lord Congleton, the Deputy-Governor of Malta, has published an edict ordering the courts of the island to provide an interpreter for all cases in which Englishmen are concerned. This will settle a vexed question once and for all. Since a British officer was committed to prison for refusing to sign depositions in a language he did not understand, feeling has run very high on the subject, and it was time that some action should be taken.

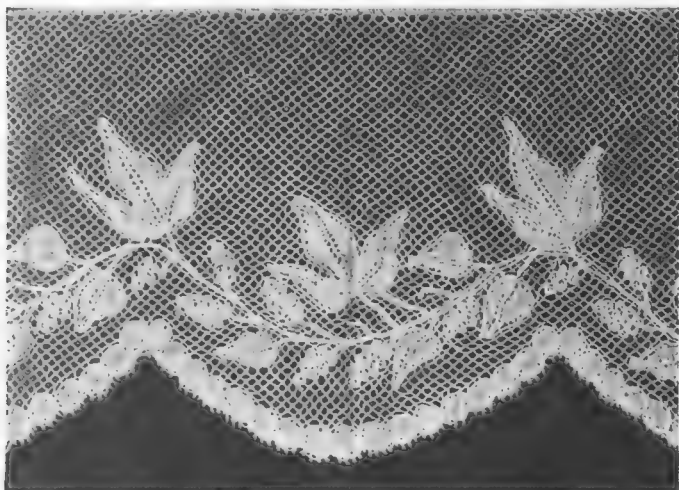
The Government would now do well to seize the opportunity of abolishing the use of Italian as the official language in Malta. It is spoken by only an infinitesimal minority of the population.



STATUE OF HONTERUS AT KRONSTADT.

Photo by Adler, Kronstadt.

Lace-making is an industry which is now being very actively revived in many places, and this illustration is of one of the best patterns, the Hop, which has just been made by the Winchelsea lace-makers, for Miss Ellen Terry has been very actively encouraging the villagers of her beautiful country home to again "take to their pillows." The pattern is the more interesting as it is somewhat unfinished, and shows the lack of balance and finish of the beginner, but the lace is,



HOP PATTERN WORKED IN WINCHELSEA LACE.

nevertheless, very beautiful and useful, the effect being good, and the texture strong and durable. It has the indefinable soft colour peculiar to real lace, a tone given to the thread by passing through the fingers. It is hoped that the Winchelsians will have worked up the industry before next spring, for it will be invaluable for the present style of dress-decoration, being more imposing than Valenciennes, and more appropriate than torchon.

In the last few weeks an extraordinary change has taken place in the vicinity of Whitehall. The western side of Parliament Street and the eastern side of King Street are nearly demolished, and ere long we shall have—at any rate for a time—a wonderfully fine view of the great Abbey and its immediate surroundings. For many a long year the block of buildings which narrowed the magnificent thoroughfare when the southern end of historic Whitehall was reached has been the despair of the æsthetic Londoner, and, with the destruction of the Parliament Street houses, at any rate, no memories of any moment will be swept away. This unattractive thoroughfare dates back only to 1756; it boasted no architectural beauties, and Henry Grattan is one of the few celebrities whose names are recorded as residents. In the Grenville papers, however, it is noted that the spies employed to watch Wilkes in the winter of 1762 reported that "he went to Woodfall's the printer, at Charing Cross; from thence to Mr. Churchill's, in Parliament Street." King Street, on the other hand, is brimful of historic associations.

It originally extended from Charing Cross, through or past Whitehall, to the King's Palace at Westminster. King Street Gate was demolished in 1723, and the more familiar "Holbein's Gateway," which also stood across King Street, was taken down in 1759. When Harry the Eighth was King, fields and gardens sloped from the east side of King Street down to the silver Thames. Julian Notary, the fourth on the list of our English printers, has in his "Book of Devotions"—"Emprynteth at Westmynster by me, Julian Notary, dwellynge in Kynges Street, A.D. 1500." In King Street lived the Lord Howard of Effingham, Elizabeth's great Admiral, and of Edmund Spenser it is recorded in Ben Jonson's "Conversation with Drummond" that "he died for lake of bread in King Street." Sir Henry Wotton, the witty statesman who declared that "Ambassadors were men sent to lie abroad for the benefit of their country," had lodgings here in 1611, while some sixty years ago it was discovered in the old parochial rate-books that Lieut.-General Oliver Cromwell was rated for a house in King Street.

That historic hostelry, the Blue Boar's Head, was rebuilt about 1750, and memories of Dryden cling about the street from the fact that his brother Erasmus traded there as a grocer. A remarkable event which took place here was the kidnapping of Sir Dudley North when a child. He was, however, found by a servant in an alley leading towards Channel Row, in the hands of a beggar-woman who was taking off his clothes. The immortal gossip Pepys mentions certain "plague-houses in King Street," and he also mentions the Swan Tavern in that thoroughfare "as a rendezvous." It is possible that Ben Jonson's favourite tavern, The Dog, was in King Street—it certainly must have been in the immediate neighbourhood—while at the Bell Tavern the October Club met in the days of good Queen Anne.

The Summer Season at Biarritz is now at its height. Hundreds of visitors are flocking to the fashionable watering-place, which lies almost under the shadow of the Pyrenees, each one bent on amusements most adapted to his or her particular temperament. And Biarritz is by no means lacking in amusements. At the present time, when the weather

is particularly hot, many make excursions in pleasure-yachts and steam-launches, which daily leave the Port des Pêcheurs for San Sebastian, Hendaye, and other places along the coast, a sea-voyage being found the best means of keeping cool in August and September. On Sundays, when there are bull-fights at San Sebastian and Bayonne, thousands leave Biarritz. The passion for bull-fighting is a marked characteristic of the people of the South of France. The authorities in Paris have done everything they can to put the sport down, but, the Mayor of Bayonne and the majority of the officials and electors being in favour of it, Mazzantini, Lajartijillo, Minuto, and Reverte still appear in the arena there, and do not scruple to kill as many as six or seven bulls at each performance.

It is no uncommon thing for five or six horses to be disembowelled on the Sunday at Bayonne, and this wanton shedding of blood appears to make the people greedy for more. While the older people are at San Sebastian or at Bayonne, the young visitors are playing on the Grande-Plage, where can be obtained the almost world-renowned surf-bathing of Biarritz. And the passion for the Spanish national sport is to be seen even in the children. The other day I saw a number of them playing at bull-fighters. There they were, within an area of sand, dressed in perfectly correct costume, and armed with spear, sword, and banderillas—it is needless to say, made of wood. It was most interesting to see how well they imitated the actions of the famous bull-fighters of Spain, and I should think two hundred people stood on the Esplanade de la Grande-Plage, which is the fashionable promenade, to watch them.

The French Government is perplexed in the effort to find a suitable present to send with the returning Abyssinian mission to Menelik. Ordinarily France has only to choose a tapestry from the Gobelins, or a set of porcelain from Sèvres, these establishments existing for the purpose of fabricating State presents, and every European State being flattered at getting a product from either; but when a gift is to be made to an Oriental, Sèvres and the Gobelins are out of the question. It is not that the Orientals do not know enough of art to be pleased with the best work of the West; it is that they know a great deal too much.

We ourselves were obliged to realise this fact when, three years ago, we wanted to make a present to the Shahzada. The India Office, happily instructed, saved us from ridicule with the strictest prohibitions. The proposed coffer should not be set with gems, because any self-respecting Oriental owns more valuable gems than the City could procure; and it should have no goldsmith's filigree work, because the Afghans know more about this art than we do. Being thus denuded of both intrinsic value and art, our gift was pretty well reduced to a moral expression. But it appears that thus it was acceptable—that, in short, it is only in this order of facts that the West has anything to give to the East. It is true the Gobelins was founded to make Turkish carpets or an imitation of them, and that Sèvres took its models from Japan, but these factories have to-day got so far away from their models that there is probably not an Oriental living that would be flattered with a gift of anything made in either of them. Therefore the French find, as we did, that the matter is problematic. It transpires, in fact, by an indiscretion, that M. Faure has already made a plunge and missed. They say he offered Menelik a decorated throne, and had it very promptly refused. M. Faure forgot that Orientals are not only artists, but are symbolists as well, and that the Conqueror of the Lions of Judah could not have it appear that he had been seated on the throne by the French consul. The solution of this matter for Europe is in the moral and not in the art world.

This picture shows one of the most interesting resurrections I have seen for a long time. In 1804 the French frigate *Danaë* was destroyed by an explosion in Trieste Harbour, and there it has lain ever since until it was raised the other day by private enterprise.



THE FRENCH FRIGATE "DANAË," RESURRECTED FROM THE DEEP.  
Photo by Baron René Herring.



I think one of the most pleasant sights one catches a glimpse of from a train rushing through the country is the fields near big cities where horses are put out to grass for a little holiday. Here is a medley that you may see at Great Berkhamstead.

The annual bath which is the preliminary to shearing is always a bad half-hour for the sheep, but worse is the half-hour which follows the

shearing, when the ewes have to find their own lambs again in the bleating, surging crowd. Have you ever watched a mother-ewe hunting for her child in a big flock of newly shorn sheep? Ovine intelligence is not of a very high order, and inasmuch as any lamb seems willing — nay, anxious — to adopt any ewe as its mother, one might suppose that the mammas would be equally easy to please. The maternal instinct is wonderfully discriminating, however, and the ewe never rests content till she has

found her own child or children. It is a curious fact that a "hogget," or two-year-old sheep, carries more wool than an old one, and, further, the wool is of better quality. A "hogget" will "clip" 6 lb. of wool, worth ninepence per pound, while the old sheep will clip only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lb., worth eightpence per pound.

Big gooseberries and sea-serpents have been "off" this year, but, in their place, "Sharks in the Channel" has formed the subject of some enterprising newspapers anxious to tickle the appetites of readers

jaded with such a season of sensations as never was before. Of course, there are sharks in the Channel late in every summer, when shoals of pilchards appear off the Cornish coast. Pilchards are known only in the West of England by this name; on the British breakfast-table they figure as sardines, because, as every tourist will tell you, pilchards are so rich that no ordinary person can enjoy them. Either in Cornwall itself or in France they are tinned, and are quite palatable as So-and-So's famous brand of sardines.

But, to return to the sharks. They are usually quite young, and many a yachtsman and fisherman can tell tales of the persistence with which, in the late autumn, they will follow a boat, and many a sea-angler has lost his tackle through their too-energetic attentions. Not many days gone by a fisherman told me the tale of a five-foot shark he fell in with not twenty miles from Plymouth, which he hooked while fishing forpollack. The shark, quite a young one, made a stiff

fight of it, however, but was secured. This is one only of many such tales, for it is no unusual thing for crabbers to use young sharks, which they have caught, as bait. But these stories need not make bathers nervous. The sharks keep well away from land, and it is only those who take their dip from a boat well out at sea who have any cause to fear, and their number is very small. That there are sharks in the English Channel at this time of the year is, however, an undeniable fact, though the advertisement of their presence at this season of dulness might not unnaturally arouse some suspicion.



OUT TO GRASS.

Photo by Newman, Great Berkhamstead.



THE ANNUAL BATH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES REID, WISHAW.

## AN ACCOMPLISHED SCHOLAR.

MR. HALE WHITE, THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR, WRITES AN APPRECIATION OF MR. THOMAS HUTCHINSON, THE FAMOUS WORDSWORTHIAN CRITIC, WHO HAS PUBLISHED THROUGH DUCKWORTH AN EDITION OF WORDSWORTH'S EARLY POEMS.

Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, critic, editor, and scholar, is an Irishman, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and is now in his forty-eighth year. He is an authority, one may almost say the chief living authority, on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, and their friends. His first piece of work was the reading and partial correction of the earlier volumes of Professor Knight's Edinburgh Edition of Wordsworth's

Poems, and soon afterwards he assisted Professor Dowden in the preparation of the Aldine Wordsworth. He then became a contributor to the *Athenæum* and *Academy*, and in 1895 edited what is widely known as the "Oxford Wordsworth." This has been followed by the "Poems in Two Volumes" of 1807, and also by the centenary edition of the "Lyrical Ballads." Mr. Hutchinson is now engaged upon a new edition of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria." Such are the principal facts of his life, or, at any rate, those with which the public need concern itself.

It may perhaps be asked, if this is all Mr. Hutchinson has achieved, why he should be considered worth special notice in *The Sketch*. Are there not scores of living and creative authors, *afflati numine*, whom *The Sketch* has not yet honoured



MR. THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

even with a paragraph, and is a mere editor to be preferred before them? The reason for the honour, if my readers like to call it so, is that Mr. Hutchinson, as a "mere editor," is about the best living example of an art which is almost as extinct as line-engraving. As a specimen of the way in which what is called "editing" is performed nowadays, I will take a book lying on my table. It is a translation of a great French classic. The translator acknowledges in a general way his indebtedness for "most of his notes" to a Frenchman. He gives these notes, apparently without any verification, and with a few others, but without a word or sign to show what are his own and what are not. The quality of the translation may be guessed. Editing in this case is nothing more than, as Carlyle described it, the "editing" of a load of brick rubbish by drawing out the bar and tilting the cart. This is not the method of Mr. Hutchinson. Let us look for a moment at his first book, the Oxford Wordsworth. Unfortunately, he was hampered by want of room, but, nevertheless, the quality of what he has given us is so good, that for this cheap, unpretending, double-columned, small-type volume no substitute exists: it is indispensable. After a brief preface we find a chronological table, not only of the principal events in Wordsworth's life, but of the principal contemporaneous events in any way connected with it. This kind of information enables us to see at a glance what the world was in which the poet lived, and it is information for the collection of which no clue can be given. If a compiler wants to write a biography of Wordsworth, he can go to the British Museum and construct his compilation after inspection of the catalogue, but he cannot tell us that Langhorne's "Country Justice" saw the light in 1774, unless it occurs to him spontaneously, and the necessary conditions of such occurrence are a habit of patiently following till it runs right out every thread which discloses itself in his investigations, and a retentive memory. Mr. Hutchinson had found in Lockhart that when Scott was fifteen years old he met Burns, and that this boy of fifteen was the only person in the room who recollected that Langhorne was the author of some lines under a picture by which Burns was greatly affected. Mr. Hutchinson calls these lines to mind when he reads Wordsworth's "Evening Walk," in which the story told by Langhorne is repeated, and thence we learn that the "Country Justice" was one of the books which Wordsworth must have loved when he was young, a point of some importance. The text of the Oxford Wordsworth, which stands as finally determined in 1850, is scrupulously exact. The dates of composition and of publication of each poem are given where they can be ascertained. Nobody who has not tried his hand at the chronology of the poems can comprehend the labour of fixing it. It involves reference to a hundred sources, for, although Wordsworth endeavoured when he was an old man to assign dates himself, he was often wrong. Of notes we have too few, the reason for their scantiness being, as we have just stated, want of space; but they are all to the point.

The "Poems in Two Volumes" in the edition of 1807 are scarce and command a high price. This beautiful reprint, which perhaps one day

will become as costly as the original, is a faithful reproduction of it, enriched by historical and explanatory comments, an account of the principal variations in subsequent editions, and an essay of eighteen pages on the structure of the Wordsworthian sonnet. The variations are not always unimportant. One of the finest lines Wordsworth ever wrote—

And [faces] kindle like a fire new-stirred  
At sound of Rob Roy's name—

was, alas, struck out in 1827 and became

The proud heart flashing through the eyes  
At sound, &c.

The reprint of "The Lyrical Ballads" follows the same lines. The preface contains the first hypothesis that enables us to understand the singular fact that the publisher, Cottle, sold nearly the whole impression in a fortnight of publication. He says that he parted with it because of "the heavy sale," but this excuse is insufficient, for what could he have expected in a fortnight? The truth is that a damning review by Southey appeared in the *Critical Review* of October 1798. He declared that "The Ancient Mariner" (let it never be forgotten) was "a Dutch attempt at German sublimity," and he saw no meaning in it. Southey was then living close to Cottle, and it is almost certain had seen the proof-sheets. He probably told Cottle what he thought of the "Ballads," and Cottle's desire to relieve himself of such rubbish is no longer a mystery.

I have not attempted to review Mr. Hutchinson, but merely to make it intelligible why he is here in *The Sketch*. It is, I repeat, because he is an ideal editor. If any simple person should be inclined, after what I have said, to take up editing as a profession, let him remember in the first place that he cannot just take it up. It must take him up: his subject must seize and possess him, and, although it may appear strange to the author of "A Purple Passion," who has depicted such remarkable phases of amatory emotion hitherto undiscovered, editing demands genius. Secondly, it demands lifelong prayer and fasting; and, thirdly, it does not pay. The late Mr. Dykes Campbell wrote a not very lengthy Life of Coleridge, some three hundred pages, large print. That Life was the fruit of more than twenty years of assiduous toil. How much did he get for it? He secured the love and respect of everybody who cares for Coleridge and for the cardinal virtue of perfect accuracy; but the money he earned by the Life would not have paid his tailor's bills during its preparation. In those twenty years, had he been so inclined, he might have written twenty thrilling novels or two thousand amusing articles on foreign affairs. W. HALE WHITE.

## A STUDY IN STANDPOINTS.\*

"Standpoints" might well have served as an alternative title for Mrs. Henniker's most sympathetic story. By a skilful shifting of mirrors, she shows us the social world as it appears when seen from the standpoint of what, until a more suitable phrase be coined, one must describe as the suburbs and the provinces; and then the suburbs and the provinces as they appear from the standpoint of Society.

We all know the middle-class person who writes a novel to lash the vices of Belgravia (as a law-abiding citizen and libel-fearing critic, I must distinctly state that I do not refer to any particular and popular lady novelist); and we all know the Society lady who, not content with her social triumphs, must needs write a novel to satirise the virtues of Brixton. Neither matters. But the novelists who paint, faithfully and sympathetically, the two sides of the picture are few and far between.

It is rare to meet with an artist who, like Mrs. Henniker, is equally successful and impartial in her portrayal of widely differing worlds. She has—again I stumble for a word and must use a vulgar one—no "class leanings." Her book is the work of one who has not only the observer's microscopic eye, but the artist's capability of putting herself into the place of her characters, of creeping up into their brains, so to speak, and looking out upon life with their eyes.

Mrs. Henniker's work has always been marked by delicacy of treatment, by restraint, and by the catholicity of her sympathies. The new book has all these qualities, and more. Her touch is surer, her intellectual look-out is wider, and though we feel that her lips are smiling, with the old kindly cynicism, at human weakness, we are conscious, too, that a new and wistful tenderness has crept into the eyes with which she looks upon human sin and human sorrow.

There are no "high colours" in "Sowing the Seed." Like "A Village Tragedy," it does not invite advertisement or call for comment from the pulpit; but one may say of it, as of Mrs. Margaret Wood's novel, that more brains, more patient observation of life and of character, have gone to the making of it than are to be found in half-a-dozen novels that have made what is called "a sensation."

COULSON KERNAHAN

\* "Sowing the Seed." By Florence Henniker. Harper Brothers.





MISS AMY AUGARDE AS THE DUCHESS OF RADSTOCK IN "BILBERRY OF TILBURY."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLINGWORTH, NORTHAMPTON.

## THE CORONATION OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

HOW THE YOUNGEST QUEEN IN EUROPE IS RELATED TO THE OLDEST MONARCH IN THE WORLD, AND WHAT ENGLAND OWES TO HOLLAND IN POINT OF COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY.

By far the most interesting figure for the world this morning is a young girl who was eighteen on Wednesday and was crowned Queen of the Netherlands yesterday. Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria, Princess of Orange-Nassau, has a peculiar interest for English people, for she is not only the niece of the Duchess of Albany (whom she so strikingly resembles), but she recalls that other girl of eighteen who was crowned Queen of Great Britain and Ireland one day in June just sixty years ago.



WILHELMINA.



VICTORIA.

THE YOUNGEST AND THE OLDEST LIVING QUEENS.

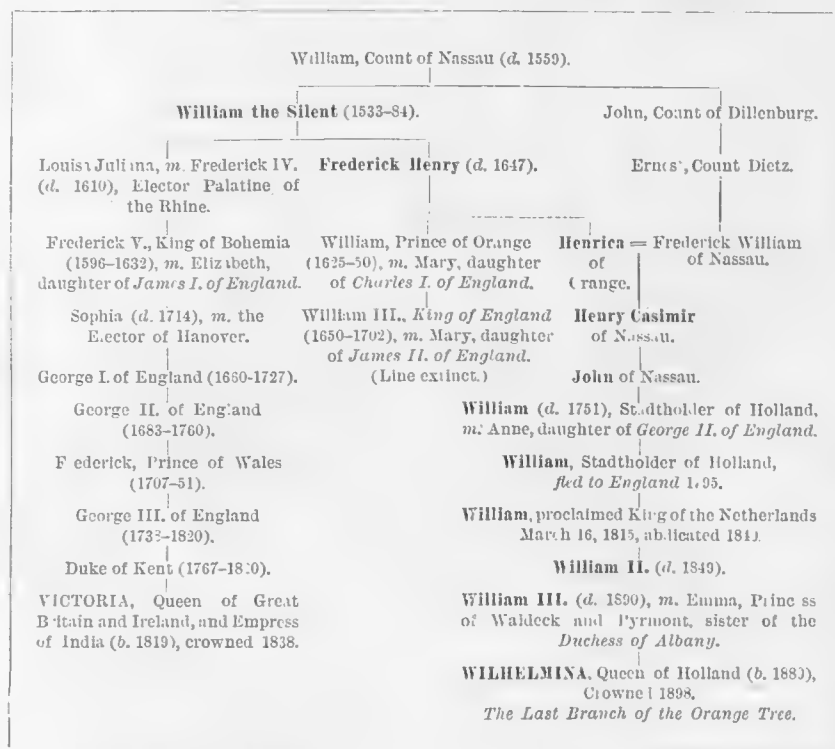
If ever a Queen mounted her throne with the goodwill of all her subjects, it is assuredly Wilhelmina. Almost from the day of her birth, the daughter of William III. has nestled her way into the very inmost recesses of her subjects' hearts. The most trivial details concerning her daily existence have been discussed as if they were events of tremendous national importance, and have been passed religiously from mouth to mouth, everyone taking as much interest in the matter as if the young Queen were his own favourite daughter. It very early became clear that the young Wilhelmina had inherited much more of her father's imperious disposition than of her mother's calm, unruffled temperament.

Wilhelmina has been an object of pathetic interest to the civilised world, but to us as a people she has the interest of close kinship, for, as you will note by the accompanying table, her house has been closely connected with the royal family of England, Stuarts and Guelfs alike, for three hundred years. True, there was a time, about the middle of the seventeenth century, when Dutchmen and Englishmen hated and fought each other at sea, less for the sake of the herring and cod fisheries than for a monopoly of trade with the East and West Indies, West Africa, and South America; but long before, and long afterwards, there were thousands of peaceful, useful Dutch working-men, and plenty of Dutch skill and capital, in London, Norwich, and many towns or villages here, welcome teachers of the ways by which England has gained enormous wealth. Consult the instructive records of the old Dutch Evangelical Church in Austin Friars, since its endowment by King Edward VI., faithfully preserved and now in course of publication. It is not too much to say that the Dutch immigration of the sixteenth century, along with that of the Flemings, and in the seventeenth that of the French Huguenots, laid the foundations of our manufacturing prosperity. We were a stubborn, not stupid, but sluggish people, without inventive artisans. Dutch practical superiority two hundred and fifty years ago to all other nations, in the applications of science to all the useful arts, was a power which England borrowed, retained, and improved. If it could have then been imparted to Germany or France instead of to England, we should scarcely have been enriched and aggrandised equally with our Continental rivals. And what would have been the United States of America? Not an English Republic. And where would the British Empire have been? It was not manufactures only, but modern agriculture, cattle-breeding, the drainage of fens, the construction of canals and harbours, the improvement of shipbuilding and navigation, mechanical and chemical science, and the craft of finance, mistress of all industry, that were mainly advanced by Dutch genius. In purely intellectual studies, as Evelyn, Sir William Temple, Locke, and others, could frankly testify, Dutch learning had an influence as great as is ascribed now to German Universities in the nineteenth century. But philosophers are remembered by their names, and Dutch painters are to be seen on their canvas. All

that we owe to Holland cannot be traced without a minute investigation, by local and special antiquarian research, of the details of initial work in the progress of our own country. One would lay more stress upon these social and economic benefits than upon Dutch assistance in defeating the Armada, or in the Revolution of 1688, or in rescuing the liberties of Europe, again and again, from the peril of universal despotism.

It is with such considerations, as Englishmen above all, that we may congratulate Queen Wilhelmina of Netherland—her proper title, for it was never styled the Kingdom of Holland, except in the short and helpless reign of Louis Buonaparte—the heiress of a princely and noble house which has stood firm in all the transformations of Europe for a thousand years. She is happily ascending a throne of royalty not very old, but which has constitutionally replaced the dignified chair of Princes who were citizens; who were among the most eminent patriots, soldiers, and statesmen of their times; who presided over a Republic once as mighty as ever was that of Venice, and were better rulers, those diligent Stadtholders, than the average of Kings. That modest, domestic,

almost homely throne is now, for the first time, to be graced by the charming personality of a bright and intelligent young lady, who is an enthusiastic lover of the dear native land, which yields unfailing love to her and to the house of Nassau; but we hope she will love England too. Her people surely wish her to do so. They will, under her reign, defend their national independence, the security of which has ever been the first care of British foreign policy. They will also keep those distant colonies, the most successfully and profitably managed of any such possessions in tropical regions, which are tolerably safe when British and American navies can hold, as they may, a just control of the Malay Archipelago and the Pacific Ocean. But there is, for Holland, a prospective method, curiously unique, and that can provoke no foreign hostility, for the acquisition of enlarged territory, by recovering a whole province, good soil formerly cultivated, from the shallow flood-waters of the Zuyder Zee. All particulars of this not extremely difficult or hazardous engineering task, which must be executed slowly and systematically, in several



THE VETERAN QUEEN OF ENGLAND GREETES THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

There is sixty years between the dates of their Coronations, but they both sprang from the same source three hundred years ago—William the Silent. The table also shows (in italics) how the Royal Families of England and Holland have long been united.

pieces of work at prescribed cost, to be quickly repaid by periodical instalments from the successive disposal of the drained tracts of land, have been exactly ascertained. Queen Wilhelmina, as she loves Holland, would be glad to see that small country made somewhat bigger. We hope she will live and reign to see this undertaking completed. It would be far more glorious than to have conquered either Cuba or the Philippines, supposing the absurd case of another Dutch war against the present inoffensive Spain.

## STORIES ABOUT THE QUEEN.

When she was about five years old, the little Queen was visited by measles. Her mother, who on most occasions acted as her nurse, was so fatigued at one time that she was forced to delegate her duty to two somewhat elderly ladies of the Court. The patient was apparently sleeping, and the ladies gossiped on topics all and sundry.

"How are you, darling?" asked her mother in the morning.

"Oh, ever so much better, mother; and it is a very fortunate thing I am! To think that between this poor Holland and those frightful Germans there is nothing but a gouty old man and my young life!"

A question which caused considerable discussion between mother and daughter was that of dress. A scene that occurred at the Royal Palace at The Hague on one occasion, when the Queen attempted to constrain her daughter to choose some alpaca for a dress, was for a time the talk of all Holland. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Wilhelmina, suddenly leaping to her feet, "the time is approaching when I shall be able to choose my dresses and my friends—and my husband as well!"





THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND, WHO WAS CROWNED YESTERDAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KAMEKE, LA HAGUE.

## THE CATHEDRAL OF LAON.

The ancient town of Laon, now so quiet, has known days of stirring life, due doubtless to its beautiful and commanding position above the extensive fertile plain which surrounds it. Converted by the Romans into a fortified *oppidum*, it resisted and checked many an incursion, and at the death of the dynasty-founding Clovis fell to the lot of his youngest son. Here for a while lived the unfortunate Brunehaut, so barbarously



THE CATHEDRAL OF LAON.

put to death by the son of Fredegonde, and here held sway Hugues Capet after becoming master of the place through the intrigues of one of its citizens.

In the troubled times known as the Hundred Years' War, the English held Laon for a short term of years, till expelled in 1429, after the coronation of Charles VII.—by the way, pray pronounce it as if written without the letter "o," as Frenchmen do. After a successful siege, the *béarnais* Henri IV. entered the town through its picturesque turreted *Porte d'Ardon*, as perfect now as it was then, and during the campaign of 1814 Blücher held it against Napoleon, while the latest tragic episode of its history was the blowing-up of the powder-magazine when the Germans took possession in 1870.

Famed during the Middle Ages as the *ville sainte* for its numerous churches and chapels, subsequent ages have deprived it of all but an antique chapel of Knights Templars, the Church of St. Martin, and the beautiful Cathedral of Notre Dame, the completion of which lasted from the middle of the twelfth to the sixteenth century.

The striking feature of the exterior is the group of four lofty towers, with a fifth in the centre, solid, yet so gracefully fashioned of airy shafts *à jour*—the only word expressive of the daylight showing through the clustered pillars—as to win the admiration of the beholder. Aloft, from among the grim-hued, weather-beaten pillars of the western towers peer out huge, placid-faced oxen and calves, placed there to record the old-time prodigy of the ox which came to the rescue of a pair unable to drag a load of stones up the steep hill, and which, its task accomplished, vanished as unaccountably as it had appeared.

Rather than smile at the credulity of an age when the marvellous was part and parcel of everyday life, let us be grateful to the simple faith—inspirer of art records of events—which for the very reason that they were regarded as miraculous imparted to the artists' work a sentiment and a *naïf* reality of expression such as the world can never produce again.

Of the towers, the highest flanking the south porch measures, with its short spire, 246 feet. A taller shaft existed until 1794, when it was demolished, about the time a certain Delvincourt offered to pull down the whole pile for the modest sum of 6000 francs and to build a new quarter on the site!

The three deep porches of the front are profusely ornamented with large figures of prophets and saints carved in the white limestone of Laon, of twelfth and thirteenth century workmanship; the subjects of the groups in the recesses are the life of Christ and the Virgin,

and the Last Judgment, with the usual quaint resurrection of the dead sitting astride their tombs, and the usual fantastic demons seizing their unfortunate prey.

The interior is remarkable for solemnity and purity of style. Sturdy pillars support the lofty pointed arches, ten on each side up to the transept, the same number being repeated in the choir, which is thus about equal in length to the nave, while the apse, instead of being rounded, as is usual in France, is square, like that of our Cathedral of Salisbury, to which it has also other points of resemblance, the result probably of English influence, seeing that the building was in progress during a period when the English were in possession of a considerable part of France, and that contributions for the reconstruction of the cathedral after the fire of 1112 were collected in England. Here and there slender shafts, clustered round the pillars, agreeably break the otherwise uniform regularity of lines.

Over the arches runs a deep clerestory, and above this a triforium, while on either side of the ample aisles are seven chapels with little arabesque-carved screens of early sixteenth, or Renaissance style, before it had degenerated into the meaningless scrolls and heavy friezes which form such a contrast.

The internal dimensions of the church are 364 feet long by 79 feet high. Old glass fills the windows of apse and of three large roses, though to decipher the figure of arts and sciences described by the custodian is practically impossible to any but the expert connoisseur. Rich in sacred vessels before the Revolution, little is now to be seen in the treasury besides a few tapestries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a copy on panel of the Veronica preserved in Rome, presented by Pope Urban IV. in 1249 to his sister Sibyl, Abbess of the Convent of Terriac.

During the last four years the French Government has annually spent £4000 in much-needed restoration, and will find good use for the same amount for many years to come, as the sandstone tracery has literally crumbled away with time and exposure.

The museum contains antiquities found in the neighbourhood, among them mosaic floors from Roman villas. The expression on the faces of the animals charmed by Orpheus is remarkable, and calls to mind beasts in Briton Rivière's pictures; another mosaic with fishes and anemones is worthy of comparison with a similar one at Naples.

The brothers Le Nain having been natives of Laon, some specimens of their paintings are to be seen; there is a charming *la jeunesse* by



A DOORWAY IN THE CATHEDRAL OF LAON.

Aubert, and a good life-sized marble statue of a fisher-boy hauling in his net full of fishes.

The *tour penchée* does not seem more than twenty feet high, and is built into the end of the wall of the tower, to which it forms a buttress by its position. It is composed of courses of stone which appear to have been constructed in a leaning position originally.

S. N. V.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Some striking examples of the art of statuary have recently been executed in Paris in honour of Sainte-Beuve, Leconte de Lisle, and François Garnier, one of France's heroes in the East. Some adverse criticism was bestowed upon the sculptor, Denys Puech, for his treatment of the statue of Leconte de Lisle, whose bust is rather thrown into the background by the full-sized figure of the Muse, jealously throwing her arms round her faithful follower. In his conception, however, the sculptor has ingeniously typified the poet's whole-souled devotion to his art. Leconte de Lisle never sought the noisy applause of the multitude. Long before his death he had become a classic. Thirty years ago the rising generation of students used to enthusiastically recite his cadenced rhythm as they paced to and fro under the shade of the same trees that to-day surround his statue. The epithet of "impassible," thrown at him so commonly, shocked all who were admitted to his intimacy and were able to realise the injustice of the popular verdict. No one in reality was more human in his sympathies and his aspirations. Leconte de Lisle was an intense admirer of Robert Burns, whom he regarded as one of the few poets who have penetrated to the very heart of Nature.

The bust of Sainte-Beuve, set up recently in the most peaceful corner of the peaceful Luxembourg Gardens, is just such a memento, probably, as the great critic would have chosen, had he been forced to do so much violence to his modesty. "Statues," he has said, "are meant for men of action, busts for men of letters." The head which has brought forth the

*chefs d'œuvre* is what posterity wants to see. The motto at the base of the monument—"Le Vrai, rien que le Vrai..."—is a standing reproach to the system still followed in France of attempting to clip the wings of thought, and prevent independent minds following up trains of reasoning to their logical conclusions. In 1867, Sainte-Beuve was invited by Duruy, the Minister of the day, to draw up a report on literature for the International Exhibition held in Paris in that year. He was told that he must confine himself to the limitations imposed by Cousin, "Le beau, le vrai et le bien." Sainte-Beuve declined the task, declaring that nothing but the truth should guide the pen of the writer. "As for the *beau* and the *bien*, let



SAINTE-BEUVE IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

Photo by Mr. A. Anderson.

them arrange as best they can." "The more it changes, the samer it is," to paraphrase the aphorism of another witty Frenchman.

With incredible levity or bad faith, some critics have summed up Sainte-Beuve by stigmatising him as the enemy of all religion. That he did not believe all the dogmas of the Church is certain, but no one regretted this scepticism so much as himself. A curious letter is extant, addressed by him to a young poet who begged to be told the secret of happiness. Sainte-Beuve it was, too, who first dared to break the hypnotic spell which Voltaire's hard rationalism and dry irreverence had cast over the French Universities. In his "Port Royal" he exposed clearly to what extent French thought was indebted to the idea of Christianity as expounded by men such as Nicolle, Arnaud, Pascal, and Racine. Sainte-Beuve's own influence on the culture of his countrymen may be gauged by the indubitable fact that for twenty years his weekly essays were looked to both by the erudite and the man in the street as containing the very quintessence of human wisdom. His literary posterity is innumerable.

The name of François Garnier, so well known to everyone interested in the East, is a name that France rightly honours. Garnier, it is true, was animated by a spirit of intense rivalry towards England, but, fortunately, we know what is due to talent and tenacity of purpose, even when they are directed against ourselves. To overthrow the Anglo-Saxon hegemony of the world is a dream that lies very close to the heart of perfervid Gallic youth. As a rule, it flows away in incoherent, impulsive phrases that make as much noise and are as little dangerous as the babbling, shallow stream. Garnier was affected like the others, but there was more method in his madness. Before he was nineteen, when he was still a naval cadet, he had carefully thought out a scheme for the annihilation of England's greatness. Listen

to what he wrote to a friend in 1858 from the vessel on which he was learning to be a sailor, and which was stationed at the time at Valparaiso: "England exists by her commerce alone; the moment the springs of this have been dried, she will perish as she almost perished formerly at the time of the Continental blockade. It will consequently be necessary to recommence the Continental blockade, but on a far larger but less oppressive scale."



STATUE TO FRANÇOIS GARNIER IN THE AVENUE DE L'OBSERVATION, PARIS.

influence of Great Britain in Southern China might be supplanted by the influence of France! When he attained the Chinese province of Yun-Nan, he found that the true means of penetration into the Celestial Empire was by means of the Red River, and from that moment dates the determination to bring Tonkin under the sway of France as soon as possible. Two years after leaving Saigon, Garnier reached Shanghai, and he returned to France shortly before the disastrous war with Germany. Throughout the siege he was in command of one of the zones into which the capital was divided for the purposes of defence.

By 1873 Garnier was again in the East, and, on Oct. 10 of that year, with some gunboats and seventy-three men, took Hanoi, garrisoned by seven thousand men. Two months later, at the age of thirty-four, he

perished in an ambush, leaving Tonkin as a legacy to his country. Ever since then Garnier's name has been invoked each time France takes any step to consolidate her position in the East. He has had to wait twenty-five years for his statue, which was unveiled with considerable *éclat* on the last National Fête Day. When time has mellowed the tones of the bronze, so that the details will appear in more relief, the work is likely to rank among the most artistic monuments in the French capital. The female figure at the base, with her back turned to the spectator, symbolises the Mekong. She is bending towards another figure representing the Seine, in whom the sculptor has attempted to incarnate the graces that are supposed to be typical of Paris. On the right, Geography holds up chastely to Garnier the oak-branch emblematic of military courage. Had the group been in marble, as the artist is said to have wished, the effect would, no doubt, have been still more striking.



STATUE TO LECONTE DE LISLE IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

## THE GAME OF BICYCLE-POLO.

## A CHAT WITH MR. C. PETT TRISCOTT.

Outside a very limited area, the game of bicycle-polo is at present an unknown quantity. The sport is yet in its infancy, but evidence is not wanting that in a short space of time the game will be followed with



BICYCLE-POLO.

that general zest and enthusiasm it so thoroughly deserves. Two years ago bicycle-polo was unheard of, but already a Bicycle-Polo Association has been formed, and inter-club competitions arranged, while the list of players grows larger every day. The home of "biko-polo," if one may be allowed to coin the word, is at Sheen House, Richmond, the lovely riverside residence of the late Comte de Paris, and here any day the votaries of the game can be seen practising, or competing in matches, on the excellent track which has been laid down in the sweetly pretty grounds of Sheen House Club.

The Bicycle-Polo Association possesses a President in Earl De La Warr, and has a committee of representative players, of which Mr. C. Pett Triscott is chairman. The latter is an enthusiastic biko-poloist, and has been one of the principal factors in promoting the game in England. Mr. Triscott was kind enough to favour me with his views on the game at Sheen House quite recently, but, with characteristic modesty, did not reveal the all-important part he has taken in the promotion of the sport.

"How long has bicycle-polo been in existence, you ask? Well, you may safely say eight months only at Sheen House. The originator of the game was Mr. J. R. Macready, the celebrated Irish amateur cyclist, who, in conjunction with a friend of his, Mr. A. Eaton, started the game at Dublin two years ago. It bears no resemblance whatever to the so-called American game of bicycle-polo, as you probably know."

"Yes," I modestly replied; "the English game is polo on wheels, played with a club or mallet, while the American is not polo at all, the front wheel of the machine being the 'stick.'"

"I won't go so far as that; but you are right in principle. The members of the Sheen House Club quickly took to the game; an association was formed and proper rules drawn up, as in every other sport. It was really surprising how quickly the idea 'caught on.' The game is not restricted to Sheen House Club, but clubs such as the Scots Guards, Royal Engineers, Queen's, Sandhurst, London, and others, principally military, became affiliated to Sheen House. And the cry is 'Still they come.' In this respect bicycle-polo bears a resemblance to golf—that, once you have started it, you become infatuated with it."

"Do ladies play?" I timidly inquired.

"I should think they do, and rattling well!" was the forcible answer. "They are more enthusiastic about the game than men. They are exceedingly graceful on their machines during the play."

"Perhaps they know it, and that accounts for their enthusiasm," I suggested. "How many members have you at Sheen House, Mr. Triscott?"

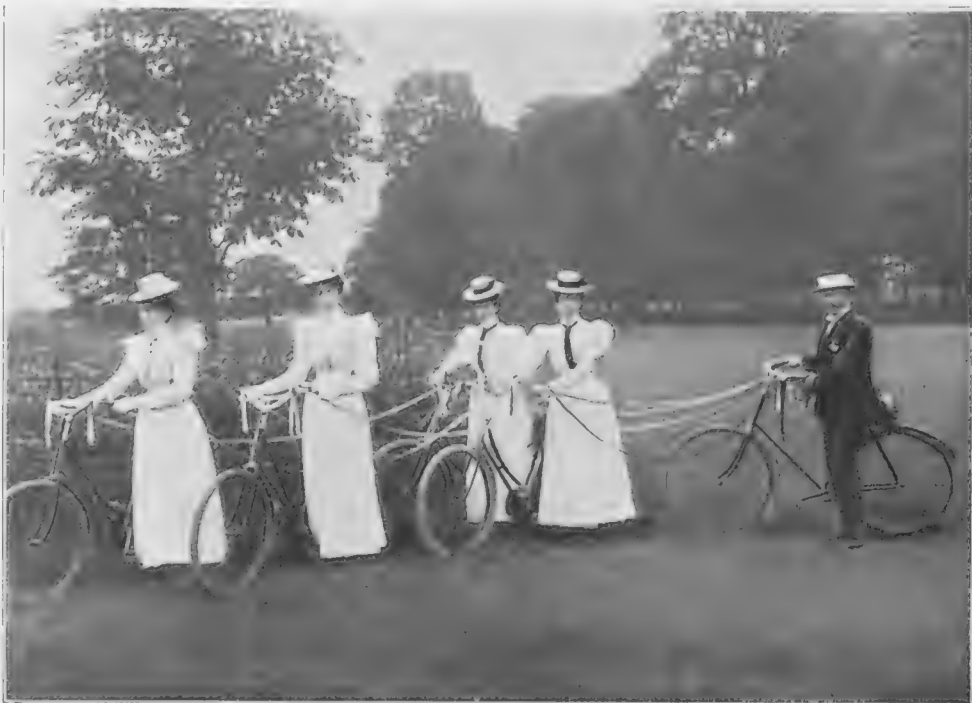
"Twelve hundred, of whom one-third are ladies. Of course, they are not all cyclists, but many join with the idea of watching the cycling and polo in the grounds, as well as enjoying the social advantages of Sheen House Club. From a

spectator's point of view, bicycle-polo is more interesting to watch than ordinary polo, as the length of the course is only 120 yards, while in ordinary polo the distance between the goals is 250 yards, and if you are standing at one extreme you cannot see what goes on at the other."

In answer to my inquiry as to the mode of play, Mr. Triscott informed me that "the teams consist of four a-side, as in real polo, namely, the right wing, left wing, centre, and back. Three can play, but it makes a fast game of it, and too hard work for the riders. The polo-sticks average three feet in length, the head or cross-piece being  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. deep, with the weight not exceeding twelve ounces; the same for ladies. At the commencement of the game each side takes up its position fifteen yards from the centre line, and the players make a dash for the ball, as at polo. The finesse of the game consists in the passing and dribbling, and these points bring out the pretty, skilful rider more so than the rapid dash down to the goal-posts. Directly a player obtains possession of the ball, his adversary ranges up as quickly as possible, and attempts to regain possession by what is known as the overhand stroke, his colleagues being as near as possible to back him up. To avoid the overhand stroke, the player in possession passes his ball in between his wheels" ("which wants a bit of doing," Mr. Triscott added parenthetically), "and either takes it on himself on the near side, or passes it to one of his team, and this part of the game generally produces a succession of passes and pieces of intricate play. The ball has to be driven through the posts, which are nine feet apart, to secure a goal; but if a ball is hit beyond without passing through it, the defaulting side can claim a 'hit off,' which must be made within six yards of the goal-line. Of course, there are plenty of penalties and strict rules in the game. For instance, a player dropping his stick must dismount and pick it up, and he may not strike the ball while out of the saddle or with his foot resting on the ground; a player may not cross anyone in possession of the ball within one length, but may interpose his bicycle between the opponent and the ball, if avoiding collision. The duration of the match is seventy minutes, with one interval of five minutes at half-time; but there can be no question that thirty-five minutes' unceasing play is too long, as the riders have not the advantage of ordinary polo-players, who change their ponies at regular intervals. Perhaps publicity of this fact in *The Sketch* might remedy what I consider the only defect in the game."

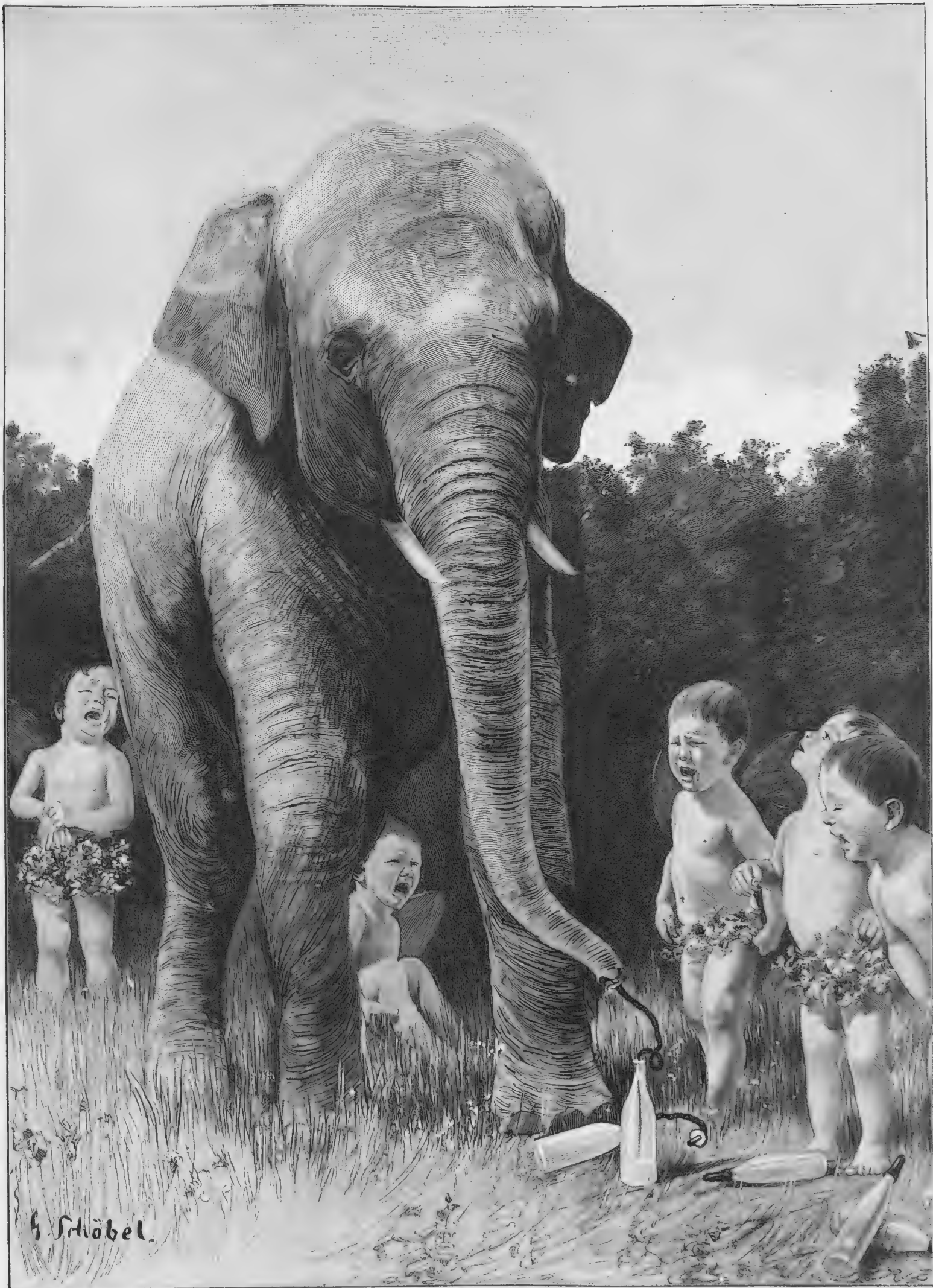
I learnt that special machines, made by the Raleigh Company, are required, having small handles to avoid collision, and twice the number of spokes of the ordinary "bike." Twenty six inch wheels are used, instead of twenty-eight, and the weight of the machine is about twenty-seven pounds; the gear averages fifty-eight, and is not allowed to exceed sixty-three, a low gear being generally used to permit of a quick start. As a physical exercise for both sexes, Mr. Triscott is in raptures with "biko-polo." It requires strength, endurance, skill, nerve, and judgment, and, "if you do not possess these qualifications at the start, you will soon develop them at the game. For ladies the game is especially useful, as it gives them additional courage to ride among the traffic in crowded thoroughfares, as well as improving their knowledge of distance in riding or driving, an accomplishment in which they are often sadly deficient. As an exercise, I consider it a long way in front of ordinary cycling, and the swing of the polo-club produces muscular development of the arms, which, in ladies, is exceedingly valuable. It is important to add that the game is not in any way dangerous, much less so than ordinary road-riding; and once you have bought your machine, it is no more expensive than lawn-tennis, and pounds in front of it for exciting fun and healthy exercise."

A. H. V.



A BICYCLE RIDE AT DUBLIN.





MY LORD THE ELEPHANT.

## A REMARKABLE MONK.

Cycling through the leafy glades and picturesque coombes of South Devon on a cool and lovely evening a week or two ago, I suddenly paused to listen, for from afar there came gradually to me on the fitful breeze the sound of sweetly chiming bells. Wondering slightly whither the rich sounds could proceed, and still coasting smoothly down the gently sloping valley, I presently noticed that the chimes grew steadily louder; then, of a sudden, they ceased. Almost as they did so, and while their musical echoes yet reverberated in the thickly wooded hills I had just left behind me, there rose up in front of me, from the very bed of the glistening river at my feet, so it seemed, the massive, mullioned walls of a time-worn monastery which, I judged at a glance, must at some remote period have been one of the most imposing structures of its sort to be found anywhere in the kingdom, though much of the main building had, of course, suffered since then from the ravages of time and vandals, and been comparatively recently restored. Many portions of the original edifice, however—the outer cloisters, for instance, the tower, and the arch of the northern gate—were still standing there before me, as they had stood for so many hundreds of years, and as, with a feeling of growing interest—akin to veneration I gazed upon those quaintly fashioned fragments of a once majestic pile, a tall, fresh-faced monk, passing quickly along the gravel-walk hard by, attracted my attention.

"Could you tell me," I asked, as he approached, "the exact date of your monastery?"

"That," he answered promptly, with a slightly foreign accent, "nobody has ever been able to ascertain. We have manuscripts and other documents which go to prove that it existed at some period prior to the Norman Conquest, and it is alluded to in Domesday Book, but further back than that we are unable to trace its history accurately."

"And the original underpart—the actual original foundations—are they still to be seen?"

"Yes. Would you like to see them?" he asked affably.

"Very much indeed," I answered; "and perhaps you will tell me the name of this place, for I am a stranger?"

"This is Buckfast—the village, I mean—and the factory which you passed is a wool-factory. The wool trade has flourished in this sleepy valley for many centuries, and during the reign of your Edward the Confessor, when the proceeds from the sale of wool formed the chief source of income to the Abbey, between six and seven hundred head of sheep were regularly pastured on the Abbey lands, property which at that period extended over some hundreds of acres. This, of course, is Buckfast Abbey."

As the monk ceased speaking, the chimes which I had heard before once more pealed forth overhead on the still evening air.

"What excellent bells you have," I happened to remark as we still stood gazing at the monastery walls, "and how perfectly true they are!"

I noticed instantly that the observation pleased him more than he wished me to know.

"They are tubular bells," he answered carelessly. "The big one, which strikes the hours, is fitted with an electric motor."

"Indeed? But how does that act? I have been an engineer in my time, so you will pardon my curiosity. You are up-to-date in your monastery, anyhow!"

He smiled, and his eyes twinkled with suppressed humour.

"I will show you," he said simply.

Presently we entered the monastery enclosure, passing on our way beneath a tottering old stone arch, which, according to my self-appointed guide and instructor, Edward I. walked under while stopping at the Abbey on his way from Exeter to Plympton Priory in April of 1297. It was not, however, until I had been shown all over the monastery, both the inside and the outside, and had enjoyed an excellent meal of fish and vegetables—for hospitality to strangers as well as to friends is a rule with these good men, though they themselves, when in their monastery, never touch meat—and had closely examined the truly remarkable electric plant, the telephones, and the electric arrangements in every part of the building, that I happened casually to inquire whether the monks knew by any chance who had invented the wonderful devices they had just shown me, the majority of which were very different in design and workmanship from anything of the sort that I had ever seen before. Instantly a little chuckle from the monks standing round made me look up quickly.

"There you have the inventor, as well as the maker and patentee," one of them answered, laughing, at the same time indicating the monk whom I had met outside the Abbey, and who now looked distinctly disconsolate at having thus been "given away." Indeed, it was little enough that I could glean from him after that, concerning either himself or his inventions, but from several of his companions I quickly gathered that he was the Reverend Dom Denys Mathieu, of the Order of St. Benedict, to which Order belong all the Buckfast monks, and that in many ways he resembled a Schwartz or a Friar Bacon.

Educated at Arcueil, near Paris, he had displayed, they told me, from his earliest childhood a distinct fondness and talent for mechanics. The subject of electricity especially appealed to him at all times, and when, in 1881, he had taken the final vows of a Benedictine monk, he determined still to devote all his spare moments to his favourite study and pursuit. One of the first inventions which he soon afterwards patented was the electric clock mechanism that I had just been examining. This consists, I may here briefly mention, of a small clock which winds itself automatically and by electricity. Then, by means of a very ingenious but simple electrical apparatus, this tiny clock is made to act as distributor to every other fixed timepiece, of no matter what size, with which it is connected by wires, and it acts in such a way that all these clocks, being operated from one and the same source, cannot by any possibility differ one from another, to the extent even of a second, in the

time they indicate upon their dials, and, of course, not one of them ever needs winding. Indeed, as Dom Denys Mathieu had clearly explained to me before I knew him to be the inventor, one of these clocks only a few inches in height can be so arranged as to work and regulate automatically almost any number of dials of any size, from six inches or so to seven or eight feet in diameter, and to strike bells as small as those of a village church or larger than the bells at Westminster.

"Has he invented any other appliances of this sort?" I asked presently.

"Several," was the ready reply. "Perhaps the most ingenious is an automatic signalling apparatus which has been adopted in France. It gives warning at the railway stations of the approach of a train by sounding a loud gong long before the train arrives, and by means of a special contrivance it can be so arranged as to act as a substitute for the explosive fog-signals so often placed on the metals. Up to a great distance, if the line be free, the train itself completes the electric circuit, the apparatus acting as each pair of wheels passes over the point of contact. Then, our Edison, as we call him, also invented the tubular battery which he showed you, and at present he is engaged in perfecting a motorcycle, which, for an obvious reason, he did not show to you, a stranger and an engineer. Lastly, I may mention that all the villagers,

Protestants and Catholics alike, who cannot afford in cases of accident to call in a doctor, come to or send for Father Denys, and he really has effected some very remarkable cures among them. During the influenza epidemic, especially, he used to treat many patients almost every day, so that ever since he has been generally known in the village as 'Doctor Denys.' Occasionally he acts as Deputy Catholic Chaplain at Dartmoor Jail when the chaplain, Father Coleman, is away."

Subsequently I succeeded in eliciting from Father Denys information to the effect that, by the time this article appears, he will be hard at work at St. Joseph's Monastery, Dundalk, erecting a clock with four dials, each of which is to be five feet in diameter, and transparent, so that at night all four dials may be illuminated by electricity. They will be operated also by electricity, a small clock, similar to the one shown to me, being utilised as distributor and connected merely by two wires with the receivers fixed behind the dials, so that all weights and pulleys will be dispensed with. Besides these clock-dials, there are to be twelve large bells, upon which, by means of an electric keyboard, similar to that of a piano, any tune can be played. The clock itself will also be arranged in such a way as to play a tune automatically three times a day—that is to say, at the Angelus hours, which tune it will be possible to change as often as required. Lastly, it will chime the quarters—Westminster chimes, or others—and the clock which will set all the machinery in motion is to be a self-winding one. The electricity will be generated by a two horse-power engine and dynamo, and stored in twenty-five accumulators.

I should like to have spent many more hours with these hospitable and extremely interesting men, but time forbade.

B. T.

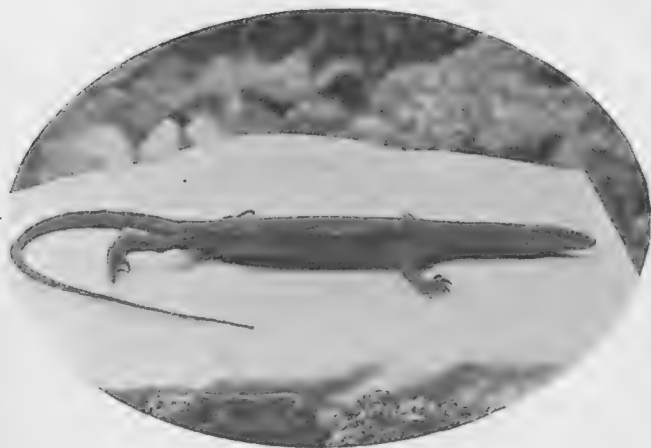


THE REV. DOM DENYS MATHIEU.



CREEPERS AND CRAWLERS AT THE "ZOO."

*Photographs by Lewis Medland.*



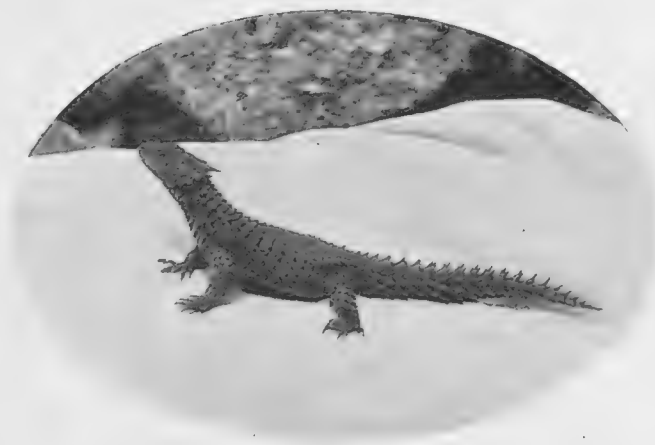
GREY MONITOR.



LESUEUR'S LIZARD.



CLOUDED IGUANA.



DERBIAN ZONURE.



BLACK-POINTED TEGUXIN.



LONG-NOSED CROCODILE.



URUMASTIX.



BLACK IGUANA.



MADAME CHARMION AT THE ALHAMBRA: HER ENTRANCE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.





MADAME CHARMION AT THE ALHAMBRA: HER EXIT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## THE HOP-PICKERS IN KENT.

On Wednesday the County of Kent received two gifts from London Town—*The Sketch* and the hoppers; and now the harvesters are gathering in the fruits of the season, which will in due time go to increase the gaiety (and the sorrow) of the capital. The hop-harvest is a godsend to East-End Londoners, and this season they will be glad enough to get out of the pale of the water-famine. Most of the harvesters go down into Kent by train. But others are so poor that they must needs tramp it afoot. A *Daily Chronicle* representative has compiled some figures as to the hop-season passenger traffic during the past thirty years. In 1865 the hoppers who travelled by the special trains numbered rather over 11,000. Ten years later the number was close upon 19,000, this, as is always understood, being from London to the hop-fields. In 1885 the number was only 13,000, but in 1895 again it had risen to 17,000. The traffic, one judges, depended upon the sort of hop-season, for there lay the possibilities of getting work or getting none. It is noticeable that the special trains at the end of the season carried back to London a larger total of passengers than had journeyed forth. The explanation of this hardly needs to be searched for with a lantern. It must be that many were able to take rail who a few weeks earlier had been compelled to trudge afoot. Take, for example, the summer of 1878, which appears to have record figures. The number of passengers carried by the outgoing "hopper specials" was 20,241, the number carried by the return specials 24,117. In that year over 46,000 acres of land were covered with hops in Kent. This year the acreage must be considerably less, but, on the other hand, we can make an acre produce more hops than our grandfathers could. How many people altogether will be

hop-picking in Kent during the ensuing weeks? It is hard to say, but an estimate of 50,000 has been given. The local villagers do a good deal of the hop-picking, and then the system is spreading among hop-farmers

of arranging beforehand for just the supply of labour they may need from London. Special fares are granted by the two railway companies which carry the Kent hoppers—the South-Eastern and the London and Chatham. These fares are very moderate, only the hopper is expected to travel at an early hour in the morning or late at night. Still, he has his special train, and that is a distinction in itself—think of the "hoppers' express"! It is doubtful whether the average passenger would give a hearty welcome to the hop-picker, with his pots and pans and other baggage. Anyhow, should half-a-dozen hoppers—or a single family even more numerous—decide to travel by an ordinary train, they may generally rely upon having a compartment more or less to themselves. The privilege suits them, and nobody else has a just ground for complaint.

It may be described as a holiday—at all events, a country outing—and a spell of work all in one. Not that the work is a trifle, presuming any money is to be made, or that the circumstances amid which the hopper finds himself are all idyllic. But where the hops grow there you have fresh air, trees, the open country—in fine, the other world to the Borough or St. George's-in-the-East. The hopper was always a picturesque character, and so continues. Is he housed more comfortably, when in the hop-country, than he was at one time? No doubt he is. There is a small indication of this in the fact that tents are less used for living in than they were. It needs a good tent to keep out the weather of a rainy day, and the hopping-tents have not always been equal to it.



HOW THEY SPEND THEIR SUNDAYS, IN BELIEVING THAT CLEANLINESS IS THE COMPLEMENT OF GODLINESS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TREBLE, BRIXTON ROAD, S.W.



THE HOP-PICKERS IN KENT.



THE SUNDAY DINNER.

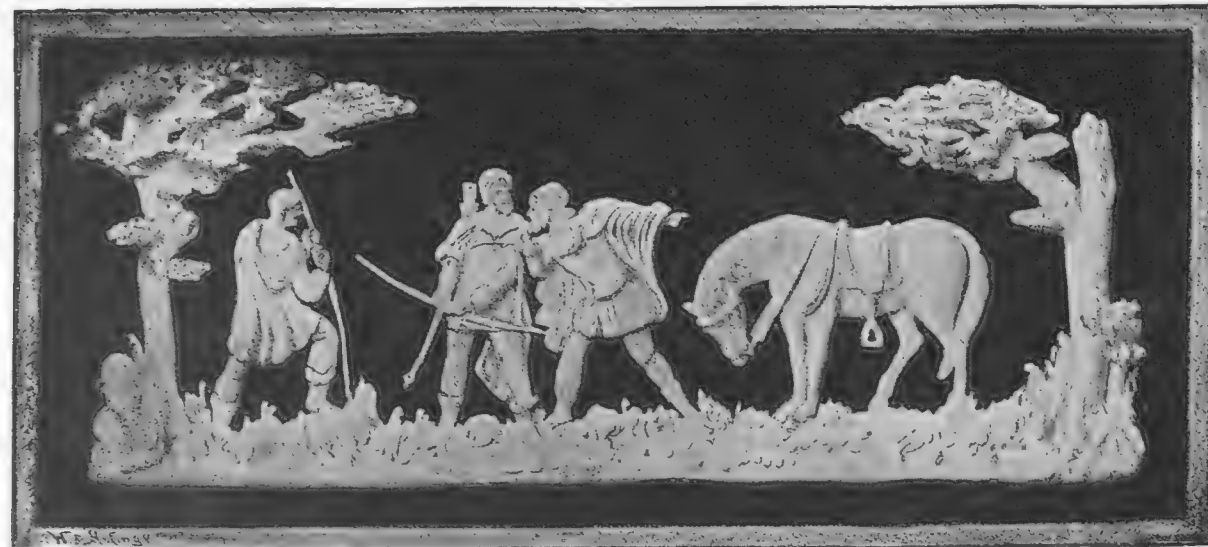
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TREBLE, BRINTON ROAD, S.W.

## A CULINARY MAGNUM OPUS.

The amazing discovery of a means of making food artificially causes one to look at the latest, and probably biggest, contribution to literature of the *cuisine* with a sigh of wonder whether the mysteries that it describes are to be superseded by the efforts of the chemist. Probably laboratory

before an open fire with infinite pains and basting by a clever cook. For braising is the refuge of the indolent and overworked *chef* as well as the joy of the gourmet. So effective is the skilful use of the braising-pan that with its aid the wrinkled, shrivelled Russian hen can be induced to present a passable figure. In the number of ways of preparing the *bouillabaisse*, the fish-soup about which poor Sala, who would have revelled

in such an Encyclopædia, used to write so eloquently, the work shows its completeness. How well some of us remember approaching a *bouillabaisse* in the famous restaurant on the Prado with awe, and leaving it with enthusiasm. By-the-by, the *brandade*, for which I have never noticed a recipe in an English work, is a capital Provençal mode of treating cod: you should try it at Montpellier. "Hokey-Pokey" no longer is a mystery. The Londoner has watched the "Hokey-Pokey" man with popular vehicle and wondered what were the slabs of stuff eagerly purchased. Mr. Garrett will tell you all about the matter, though he has no word for the philologist as to the name. Yet he has the courage to mention, without approval it may be, such etymologies of the invaluable *bain-marie*, as that it was christened after the prophetess Marie on



WILLIAM ON HIS HUNTING-GROUND AT ROUEN RECEIVING INTELLIGENCE FROM TOSTIG OF HAROLD'S CORONATION.  
A Specimen of Sugar-Piping Work by C. Norwak. Reproduced from "The Encyclopædia of Practical Cooking."

albumen will reach no further dignity than use in armies, navies, and exploring expeditions. In civilised nations, those who live merely to eat are as numerous. I fancy, as those who eat merely to live, while the majority of us take a gastronomic pleasure, however humble, in our meals. So your artificial foods will never oust the woodcock, the red mullet, the canvas-back duck, or the more homely beef, mutton, poultry, and sole. Think of the nation with — religions and only one sauce — I forget the number in the famous phrase — as birthplace of an Encyclopædia of Cookery in two quarto volumes of about a thousand pages each, with over eighteen hundred illustrations in the text and about seventy full-page plates, and be amazed. Even France has produced nothing so prodigious as the work published by L. Upcott Gill and edited by Mr. Theodore Francis Garrett, author of several treatises on the great art, assisted by many *chefs de cuisine* and confectioners of renown who have taken charge of special departments. It is called "The Encyclopædia of Practical Cooking," and you must not look for the theories elegantly and wittily expounded by the illustrious Brillat-Savarin in his immortal "Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante." Yet the great Frenchman, whose portrait surely should have been given with the plate which presents such famous *chefs* as Carême, Francatelli, Ude, Gunter, and Soyer, would have taken infinite pleasure in the pages of the new work — he was proud of his knowledge of our tongue — and been surprised at the progress made since his days. A noticeable feature of the new book is its thoroughness. Are you interested in fish? You will find a short account and illustration of all the fresh-water fishes and half that swim in the sea; even those that a shipwrecked sailor would hesitate to touch are not ignored. Parenthetically, I may observe that, following French custom, the fresh-water fish are spoken of too kindly, save, perhaps, in the case of the pike, while the suggestion that dace are in season in May is a mistake. Do you come from the land which produced "G. B. S."? There are sixteen pages about potatoes, and a hundred ways of treating them are given. Have you a sweet tooth? You will find thousands of recipes, to say nothing of plates with gorgeous pictures of wonderful built-up dishes.

The word "practical" is of some importance. In not a few of the cookery-books written by ladies there is a lamentable vagueness in the instructions. You are told to put a pinch of this, a handful of that, and the consequence is that, just as equity in the Middle Ages varied with the length of the Chancellor's foot, if the old saying may be accepted, so the flavour of the dishes varied with the size of the hand of the *cordon bleu*. The Encyclopædia, however, is precise, and speaks by the ounce or the pound, by the minute and the hour.

Naturally the Encyclopædia touches upon the very important subject of braising, a branch of art still unpopular in England, and, indeed, of modern popularity abroad; even Savarin, with his "on devient cuisinier, mais on nait rôti-seur," ignores it. Yet the difference between a roast fowl and a braised is immense, and all in favour of the latter, save when the roasting is done

account of its wonderful quality, or is a corruption of *bain-mer*, from the "ocean-like appearance" of the water in the large tin that holds the many vessels. I would suggest *bain-mère*, from the idea of a big pot with many little ones. A vast portion of the Encyclopædia deals with what the enthusiast would call the æsthetics of the dining-table; this aspect may be considered too important. There are cooks who will render an aspic tasteless by over-clearing it, and generally trouble themselves too much about the appearance of a table. Theirs is not the true spirit; better the plump ortolan *à la Provençale* on an earthenware dish than an ill-cooked chop on the finest porcelain.

E. F. S.



THE CRUCIFIXION (IN SUGAR).

An Example of C. Norwak's Art. Reproduced from "The Encyclopædia of Practical Cooking."



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A FAIR SKIPPER.



What other woman could be loved like you  
 Or how of you should love possess his fill  
 After the fulgors of all rapture, still,—  
 As at the end of some deep avenue  
 A tender glamour of day,—there comes to view  
 Far in your eyes a yet more hungering brill,—  
 Such fire as Love's soul-wingowing hands distil  
 Even from his inmost arc of light and dew

And as the traveller triumphs with the sun  
 Glorifying in heats mid-bright, yet startled brings  
 Wander new-born, and still fresh transport springs  
 From limpid lambent hours of day begun;—  
 Even so through eyes and voice, your soul doth move  
 My soul with chapelful light of intrepid love



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A KAROO WANDERJAHR.

Y. M. C. SETON.

Charlie Jenkins had resolved to see Life. He was tired of the monotony of his father's farm on the Great Karoo, where for twenty years he had led a placid existence disturbed only by locusts and hailstorms, enlivened at times by visits from stolid Dutch farmers. Old Mr. Jenkins had come out from home and built up a competency after years of struggle in South Africa. He was content now to sit among his flocks, to watch his ostriches and his Angora goats, and to pass his old age in peace. And Mrs. Jenkins had no ideas about things beyond her own household. But Charlie wished to escape from the lethargy which hangs so heavy upon African farmers; he wanted to know something of the world. He was restless rather than ambitious, for his aspirations were vague. But he was convinced that the bucolic life could not satisfy his soul.

And now he was bound to Kloofburg, and perhaps to places as great and wonderful as Port Elizabeth. He had been reading books that unsettled him, for curious waifs of literature penetrate to remote parts of Africa, and he had picked up some cant phrases about the necessity of a "Wanderjahr" for some people. He could no longer bear a life which was simple as that of the unthinking Hottentot herds on the farm. In Kloofburg he would meet men who knew the outer world.

It is curious that the mass of Afrikaners are so lazy and apathetic, for there is a mysterious influence in the scenery and the very atmosphere of their country that makes for restlessness. As Charlie cantered along the rough track, he passed gaunt ironstone kopjes of fantastic shapes, fringed by clumps of prickly pear, whereon rock-rabbits basked impudently at the mouths of their holes; the noise of his horse's hoofs drove gay lizards scurrying into the low shrubs, and startled some stately Secretary Birds, who paced solemnly away in dignified security, conscious that they were under the protection of the law. He rested for awhile in a green vlei, a pleasant tract of marshy ground by which a stream swollen by the summer rains ran noisily over its rocky bed. He cared little for these familiar scenes, for Nature is a dull comrade to those who have no other company, and where there is no sense of contrast men do not trouble to consider the landscape. After a pipe of rank Boer tobacco, Charlie remounted and rode on until, from a height, he saw the square tower of the Kloofburg Dutch Church enshrined in rows of Lombardy poplars. He was soon trotting down the dusty street past small iron-roofed houses. The place was lifeless enough. A few store-keepers in shirt-sleeves lounged at the doors of their shops, and one or two drunken Hottentots were chattering round the well in the market-square. He passed a square patch of sand, on which the ladies of the place, gorgeous in satin dresses, were playing croquet. A pompous little man, whom Charlie recognised as the Postmaster, was strutting about affably, for he had just received promotion, and, as he had endeared himself to the local gossips by a habit of divulging telegrams, he was now being honoured by a Farewell Tea at the hands of the Croquet Club. But Charlie rode on until he reached the principal hotel, and, handing over his pony to a Kaffir groom, he passed on to the shady stoep, where one or two invalids were lying, languid, in deck-chairs. The hotel was full, but Charlie found that he could share a bedroom with a young Englishman named Hickson. Hickson presently appeared; he was a tall, *blasé*-looking man of about twenty-five, ready enough to chat. He had seen several continents, and tried many trades. Like so many of the world's failures, he had come to South Africa to try his luck afresh. Charlie's *naïveté* seemed to amuse him, and he held forth to the young farmer on the unsatisfactoriness of life, telling him many new things, and nothing cheerful. He had seen life more thoroughly than Charlie could hope to see it, and the survey had, it seemed, brought him little pleasure.

After dinner most of the people went off to amateur theatricals, organised with the purpose of giving a new window to the diminutive English Church. Jenkins would have gone to see this phase of life, but was disheartened by a rat-like man on the stoep, who was saying that he did not care to see people making asses of themselves. This was a store-keeper who disapproved of the drama because the stage-manager had lately detected an inaccuracy in his account and had transferred his custom to another store. But to Charlie, ignorant of these details, the man seemed to speak with a voice of authority.

And so he joined the knot of loafers, men who considered the year wasted if they had not spent three hundred and sixty-five evenings at a drinking-bar. Now Charlie had always lived abstemiously, for his father, like many African farmers, kept no spirits in the house, thinking an occasional spree in Kloofburg more salutary than the presence of an insidious liquor in his dining-room. And soon he began to talk noisily with the others.

Hickson was holding forth upon suicide, and praising prussic acid. Jenkins, from a spirit of contradiction, advocated the superior merits of pistols. In such a jovial gathering the question seemed to be merely an academic one, and was soon dropped in favour of a discussion on sheep-scab. As he had come to Kloofburg to escape from sheep and their ailments, Charlie was glad when men began to return from the theatricals.

The landlord of the inn, a jovial-looking man, came into the bar with a banjo in his hand, and was greeted with cries of "Give us a tune, Jacky!" "Let's go and cheer up poor old Gordon," said a voice, and

everyone assented. Gordon, Charlie learned, was an invalid in an advanced stage of consumption, whose cheerfulness had made him popular, and who had, pathetically enough, expressed a hope that his last night on earth might be a merry one. The whole gathering trooped into the little smoking-room, where Gordon was ensconced in an arm-chair. Jacky, the landlord, broke into a childish song with a banjo obligato. He had in his eventful career once been a public entertainer, but little talent remained except an air of assurance and an adroit handling of his instrument. Song succeeded song until at last a burly doctor in the corner cried, "Won't you give someone else a chance, Jacky?" The artistic temperament was wounded: the landlord rose, picked up his instrument, and bolted. Hickson volunteered a hunting-song. Then there were cries for "Potgieter," and the rat-like store-keeper stood up, smirking, and said, "I'm afraid I can only give you a recitation, gentlemen, and I hope you'll tell me when you've had enough." So saying, he started one of those melodramatic pieces endeared to the suburban drawing-room by spasmodic lady reciters. He had just come to the description of the cherubic child, which is inevitable in this kind of literature, when a sepulchral voice from the doctor's corner whispered, "That's enough!" But Potgieter was not to be daunted, and led his yawning audience to the point where the infant is run over by his mother on a bicycle. He sat down amidst a storm of applause, broken by a proposal from the doctor that they should all toss for drinks.

The room grew noisier. Charlie found himself beside a dilapidated soldier, who began to tell him thrilling tales of his Indian adventures, emphasising the points with a shaky forefinger.

The room was full of smoke. Three men were singing at once, and their voices were hardly audible above the clink of glasses.

In the corner Gordon lay in his chair, pallid, fighting for breath.

Suddenly a report, as of some firearm, was heard. "What's that?" said the doctor. "Oh, I expect it's old Isaacs," someone replied, "trying to shoot an owl. There's an owl that comes round his house, but he always sees two owls, and he's sworn to shoot them both."

The revelry went on. Charlie's head began to ache, and the soldier's stories, which were steadily growing in strength, somewhat disgusted him. He rose and made his way to the bedroom. Hickson had for some time vanished from the smoking-room, and Charlie called his name as he struck a match.

There was no answer, but the spluttering match revealed Hickson lying on his bed with his face to the wall. Charlie approached him, when he suddenly saw that the sleeping man's hand held a revolver. He bent to take the weapon away, but, as he touched the hand, a shiver passed over him. Hastily Charlie raised his candle to look at Hickson's face, but when he saw it he cried aloud and staggered back.

Two or three of the revellers came into the room. "Are you two fellows fighting?" one of them asked. But a look at the figure on the bed told him the truth. "My God!" he cried; "that was the shot we heard!"

The landlord came grumbling in. Such an event was bad for his house, he said. He seemed to be more annoyed than shocked. Charlie broke away from the crowd, now sobered, and soon left the hotel behind. As he passed he heard Gordon's racking cough. Soon he was on the open veld. The distant kopjes looked grim and threatening in the moonlight. The harsh note of the night-locust jarred on his ear, and far away a jackal was howling. The splendour of the Southern Cross over his head seemed to him an irony of the heavens.

At early dawn Charlie rode home. His Wanderjahr was over.

## A SONG OF SEPTEMBER: MARSH-MARIGOLDS.

Here in the water-meadows,  
Marsh marigolds ablaze  
Brighten the elder-shadows  
Lost in September haze.  
Drunkards of sun and summer,  
They keep their colours clear,  
Flaming amid the marshes  
At falling of the year.  
Thicker than bee-swung clovers,  
They crowd the meadow-space;  
Each to the mist that hovers  
Lifts an undaunted face.  
Time, that has stripped the sunflower  
And driven the bees away,  
Ath on these golden gipsies  
No power to dismay.  
Marsh-marigolds together  
Their ragged banners lift  
Against the darkening weather,  
Long rains and frozen drift:  
They take the dawning sunshine  
Home to their hearts to keep  
Against the days of darkness,  
Against the time of sleep. NORA HOPPER.

## THE KING OF THE WHEEL

I am at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, and I am waiting with impatience for the next "turn." The announcement in the programme is simply "Sid Black, Trick Bicyclist." I have seen a good many trick bicyclists in my time—the great Canary in his prime, the dashing Kaufmann on



MR. SID BLACK.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

his high machine; but my good friend Mr. Yorke, Grandpapa Morton's able lieutenant, has excited my curiosity by telling me that his latest acquisition will most assuredly make me open my eyes. So I am curious, yet withal mildly sceptical. For it is natural for the management to cry up its own wares. Presently on to the stage comes a tallish, well-built, dark young man, dressed in an orthodox touring costume of neat tweed, wheeling his machine. With but the most casual of nods to the audience, he jauntily springs into the saddle and starts careering round the stage. I am interested at once; there is a carelessness and spontaneity altogether foreign to the ordinary music-hall artist about this young man which invest him with a curious fascination. And in another minute or two Mr. Yorke's panegyric is amply justified. I open my eyes very wide indeed. For this performance is more than uncommon, it is absolutely marvellous. The man is a supreme master of balance. He seems to do what he likes, and the machine, which is a Cleveland cycle, appears to be in some subtle manner entirely dominated by his will. "What does he do?" you ask. It would be easier to say what he does not do. He jumps from pedal to pedal, he climbs through the diamond frame, he rides with one foot on the saddle and steers with the other on the handle-bar, he careers round the stage on the back wheel with the front wheel rearing itself in the air, and he turns by a marvellous "pirouette," also executed entirely on the back wheel. Backwards or forwards, it is apparently all the same to him. Once or twice he seems in imminent danger of charging down upon the heads of the orchestra; when this happens he coolly stops dead, and proceeds to "reverse the engines." Perhaps his extraordinary mastery of his mount is best demonstrated by his series of balances at a standstill. He can balance practically in any position. The ordinary feat which is performed sitting on the saddle and turning the front wheel at right angles is child's play to him. So it may well be when it is said that he balances the machine by standing with both feet on the tyre of the front wheel, first with it turned crossway, and then with both wheels in alignment.

Fresh from the exhilaration of his performance, I had the additional pleasure of a chat with Mr. Black. There is a pleasing modesty about him wholly in keeping with the refined character, or, as his own countrymen would put it (for he hails from the States), the "high tone" of his performance. He is twenty-seven years old, and this is his first engagement in England, although he has appeared all over the Continent during the last couple of years. Although so young, he has been an expert bicycle performer for a long time; in fact, he started doing tricks on the old high machine, which, by the way, is very much easier than with a "safety." He usually rides a machine geared to 56, but he explained that it might be much higher on such a large stage as that of the Palace. I asked him which he considered his most difficult feats. He said that by far the hardest was to ride backwards sitting in the ordinary position, and he thinks he was the first man who accomplished that. Next in difficulty, probably, comes the far more sensational-looking feat of giving the handle-bars a twist and causing the front wheel to make four complete revolutions in the air, that is, spin round eight times. He can regulate the strength of the twist he gives the handle-bars to such a degree of nicety that he is able to make the wheel twist two, four, six, or eight times at will. Sid Black is rather a reticent young man, and evinces no particular eagerness to talk about his exploits. And when you have succeeded in drawing him out, he doesn't seem particularly proud of his prowess. For instance, after explaining to me that, when once a man had mastered the art of riding on one wheel, he could ride anything, such as a square or oblong wheel, he mentioned in the most casual fashion that he used to ride a cart-wheel down the rungs of a 60 ft. ladder, 2 ft. wide, and placed at an angle of forty-five degrees from the gallery to the stage, and that *without* a net in case of accident. But an attempt to describe all his feats would require a number of *The Sketch* all to itself.

E. W. L.

## JOHN, OF THE CORRIDOR TRAIN.

She's orff, like a Yankee tornado,  
An' she's doin' 'er sixty an hour,  
'Er steam seems to sing out "bravado"  
As she puts forth 'er limit o' power.  
We're passin' through sunshine now, you see,  
Nex' minit we'll be in the rain,  
But the weather's of no account to me,  
John, of the Corridor Train.

"Your parding is begged by the waiter,  
I can't see the draught on your 'ead;  
I'll close the ventilator,  
An' open the window instead."  
Then I packs 'is gouty foot up,  
Which causes the gent some pain;  
Though 'is langwidge is strong, it don't cut up  
John, of the Corridor Train.

There's a lidy a-awskin' for coffee,  
An' a tof calls for "Martell, Three Stars,"  
An' a kid wantin' Evvinton toffee,  
An' two Yankees who must 'ave cigaws.  
One calls me the "bally conductor,"  
In a very impertinent strain,  
An' I larfs when 'e acts as instructor  
To John, of the Corridor Train.

There's a couple a-billin' an' cooin'  
In the carriage that's nex' to the van,  
An' another cove frettin' an' stewin'  
'Cos 'e envies the spoonin' young man.  
"Gasson!" "Boy!" "Waiter!" "I say, John!"—  
That's allus their old refrain,  
As they awsk for the name of each station  
From John, of the Corridor Train.

I wonst 'ad a 'eart soft as custard,  
An' a conscience as clean as new paint;  
At the sound of a swear I was flustered,  
An' felt almost ready to faint.  
My 'eart now's as tough as a sandwidge,  
An' the paint's got a bit of a stain,  
But the cove who can now stand strong langwidge  
Is John, of the Corridor Train.

GEOFFREY PENWORTH.



"JACK'S THE BOY. HEAVE AHoy! THE BOY WE ALL ADORE."

Photo by Street, Rothesay.



## MISS GRACE WARNER IN "THE TERMAGANT."

Following her father Mr. Charles Warner's powerful impersonation of the yokel in "Ragged Robin," at Her Majesty's Theatre, Miss Grace Warner, his daughter, may now be seen at the same playhouse in "The Termagant," which is dealt with elsewhere in this issue. Miss Warner was no infant prodigy. Though she always cherished a great love for the stage, yet she never acted until she graduated absolutely from the class-room to the boards, the suggestion that she should become an actress coming from her father, after hearing her recite a little French poem, learnt for an examination. Three weeks later, she appeared at his complimentary benefit, thus making her début at Old Drury Lane, and in the Balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," a performance of which the critics spoke so well that Mr. Warner determined to take her with him on his coming Australian tour; and three months later, in March 1888, she was playing Sophia in "The Road to Ruin" at the Melbourne Theatre, following this by Mary Morris in "Dora," Kitty Drayton in "The Barrister," Fiordelisa in "The Fool's Revenge," and other parts, and, on the conclusion of the engagement, her first managers, Messrs. Williamson, Garner, and Musgrove, presented her with a souvenir bracelet. The tour was to have been one of three months, but was so successful that it extended to as many years; and, as her father's confidence in her ability increased, so Miss Warner gradually worked her way up



MISS GRACE WARNER.

into all the leading parts, and, entirely to the delight of the most critical Antipodeans, appeared as Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, Lady Teazle, Lady Gay Spanker, Galatea, Pauline, Stella in "Captain Swift," Gervaise in "Drink," Lucy in "The Streets of London," Lizzie Medhurst in "After Dark," and the boy Josephs in "It's Never Too Late to Mend." The work was heavy and continuous, and, her health not being very strong, a doctor advised her to take a long

rest on her return home; but work she would then as always, for she loves it, and, three weeks after landing, was off on tour as the heroine in "The English Rose," a part she played for over a year, earning high praise and a letter of gratitude and congratulation from Mr. Sims. Since the close of 1891 she has been kept constantly busy, and for some time in that best of schools, the provinces, playing the lead in such plays as "The Prodigal Daughter," and afterwards coming to town to be the Poppea in "The Sign of the Cross," at the Lyric Theatre, her reading of that difficult and important part giving one a true insight into her own character—all gentleness, kindness, and womanliness, by which traits Poppea gained and kept her influence over the young reprobate Emperor—an Empress who wielded her sway with loving influence and dignity.

Then Mr. C. W. Somerset secured her for the part of the Lady Delila in his production of "The Sorrows of Satan," and she created the part in Nottingham, and played it, until she came to town for her present rehearsals, all over the provinces and at all the leading suburban theatres. Miss Warner is tall, slight, and fair, with blue eyes and wavy fair hair. She lives at home with her brother and father in Bohemian Bloomsbury.



MISS E. KIRBY AS NEPIA IN "A GREEK SLAVE," AT DALY'S THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Some benighted critics once seriously scolded or seriously snubbed Mr. Street for his flippancy, and for what they very inaccurately called his egotism because he wrote dramatically in the first person singular. So for his new Bodley Booklet, "Some Notes of a Struggling Genius" (Lane), he writes a preface, in which he claims the right to talk nonsense when he labels it as such, and to use the convenient first person without being considered autobiographical. I am far from wishing either to scold or to snub Mr. Street for his amusing chatter, but I hope I may be not altogether offensive in pointing out the excellent good sense that appears now and again in the midst of the entertaining nonsense. There will be a chorus of approval, and no idle laughter at all, over the Genius's views "On Distinguished People." The Genius does not object to the existence of the shining ones; they supply stuff for personal articles, which he is above despising. He only hates to meet them, "because the irrelevant character of their distinction is seldom in reality admitted. . . . The core of the question is that in social life only social qualities should be considered; all else is irrelevant. . . . If you are set to talk to a dull dog, what recompense is it to know that he has discovered a new blackbeetle? . . . Distinction of almost any kind should, in fact, be counted against and not for a man socially, because its existence begets a vague feeling of anticipation inimical to agreeable intercourse. A man's distinction should be considered socially as something he has to live down." Let hostesses give heed, for there is a world of wisdom in these words.

Mr. Street's most pleasant pathos is contained in the paper "On Writing an Article." It is human enough to appeal to the great lay world by its simple recital of the journalist's woes, the sufferings undergone that the same great lay world may be gay over its evening paper. "It was very difficult," says the Genius, "to choose a subject. Books failing me, I went into the world of men in search of humour. . . . A man going under a ladder received a dab of paint on his hat, but my 'Perils of the Pavement' ran to half a page only. I followed a drunken man all down the Strand, but he only hiccuped. I went all over London in an omnibus to catch the driver's humorous remarks, but you can make little of 'Igher up.' I underpaid a cabman in the hope of a humorous repartee, but he simply called a policeman." If you are too dignified to titter, don't read Mr. Street. It is tittering, not laughter, he desires to provoke, as a rule.

I remember reading very cheerful things from the pen of Mrs. Murray Hickson. But her latest book, "Shadows of Life" (Lane), is a collection of very woebegone tales indeed. They are much worse than tragic; they renew and add to one's sense of the extreme fatigue of life, its varieties, disappointments, and the frequency with which well-meaning and well-conducted persons are foiled and barred from the most ordinary happiness. Her stories are, separately, real enough, true enough, but, piled one above another, they must sap the vitality of every reader who perseveres unto their end. There may be nothing more heartrending in thirteen low-spirited tales than in one long tragedy; but the effect is far more demoralising. We are like to drop with fatigue ere the last, unless a healthy reaction sets in and sends us to the comic journals or to golf. To be fair, "A Tangle of Haytime" has a cheerful ending, but then it is the worst bit of work in the book. The others, to do them justice, are kindly, sympathetic stories; their temper and motives and subjects are what we call "humour." But though we are willing, once in a way, to follow the musings of a middle-aged lady, who is feeling the disappointments and jars of ordinary married life, we like for the next piece a heroine who will not sit down in the shadows so limply. She may be heroic, or shrewish, or boldly bad—anything so that she suggests to us once more that life is full of escapes and revivals, if also of fatigue and bitterness. A few of the stories, read separately, are excellent; but their mission, which is to paint the grey days of human existence, would be better fulfilled if their neighbours were more exhilarating.

"An Elusive Lover" (Archibald Constable and Co.) is a young German painter who loves and is loved by the model of his first success, "A Madonna." The purchaser of the painting falls in love through it with the model, whom he has never seen, and is challenged for this impertinence by the painter. Though the challenge is accepted, they never, for some mysterious reason, meet, and the same mysterious reason has to account for what the German painter himself could never account—his evanescing apparently into thin air for weeks together. At length the mystery is cleared up in the fierce light which beats upon a New York police-court, when the German painter is absolutely and bodily transformed in the dock into the rival with whose murder he stands charged.

Though the absolute antithesis of each other in character, the one, Geoffrey Carrington, an unusually offensive specimen of a New York rake and dude, is transformed, when drunk, into the gentle German painter, Gottfried Yäger. In order to win the hand of the charming heroine, Geoffrey has to transform himself by another means than drink into the mental and moral as well as into the physical likeness of the gentle German, and upon this permanent transformation and transfusion the curtain falls happily. "An Elusive Lover," if not exactly a probable story, is interesting and of much promise for Miss Virna Woods' future.

o. o.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Never was there such a sensation before in the international sphere as the sudden manifesto in favour of peace and disarmament just issued by the young Czar of All the Russias and as many of the Chinas as he can take. It is so sweetly philanthropic, so amiably idealistic, so touchingly polysyllabic! And without doubt it is sincere enough on the part of the august ruler himself. Whether it is so genuine on the part of his Ministers may be reasonably doubted. It reminds one a little too much of the philosophic and humanitarian schemes of that remarkable ancestress of his, Catherine II. She was full of enthusiasm for all sorts of liberal movements. She was so zealous for religious and civil liberty in Poland that she partitioned Poland out of existence. She was so anxious to free the Greeks that she annexed the Crimea. Alexander I., again, was deeply sympathetic, widely enlightened, truly religious, and he helped to start the Holy Alliance, the league of despots against their peoples. The Czars have often been very well-meaning men; but the question that is of importance to the world at large is not so much what a Czar means, as what his servants mean him to mean.

If we look at the latter consideration, it is not difficult to see why this Imperial enthusiasm for peace has been allowed to proclaim itself just now. Russia, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, has been biting off more than she can chew. She has borrowed as much from France as France is likely to lend cheerfully. She has pushed England further than England ought to have gone without fighting, and she has taken a position in China above her present strength there. There are signs that Germany thinks the squeezing process has gone far enough for her own interests; we have long been sure it was going too far for ours. It takes much money to fortify Port Arthur, to complete the Siberian Railway, to start the Chinese railways that are to be in Russian hands—above all; it comes heavy to buy Chinese Ministers and officials. And money is precisely what Russia has always been short of. Now, if matters are to remain in their present uneasy state, Berlin will not lend, and Paris will be shy of further advances. London is frankly hopeless. If the Far Eastern dispute comes to a war, Russian credit may topple over like a house of cards, good as it now is. For Russia's riches, like Russia's army, are imposing at a distance; but in practice it is very hard to get them to the proper place in the needful time. Or if Russia wages a covert war with companies and concessions and new ironclads, she runs the risk of bidding against coffers better furnished than her own. For ships, we can at a pinch build quicker; we can generally build cheaper, and we can build better. Furthermore, the Russian fleet can never bring its strength to bear on one field of action. Even if the French were keen on a war with England, their help might not enable the Russians to win at sea, and there is no reason for them to be keen for a struggle in which they would pay the piper, while their partners called the tune.

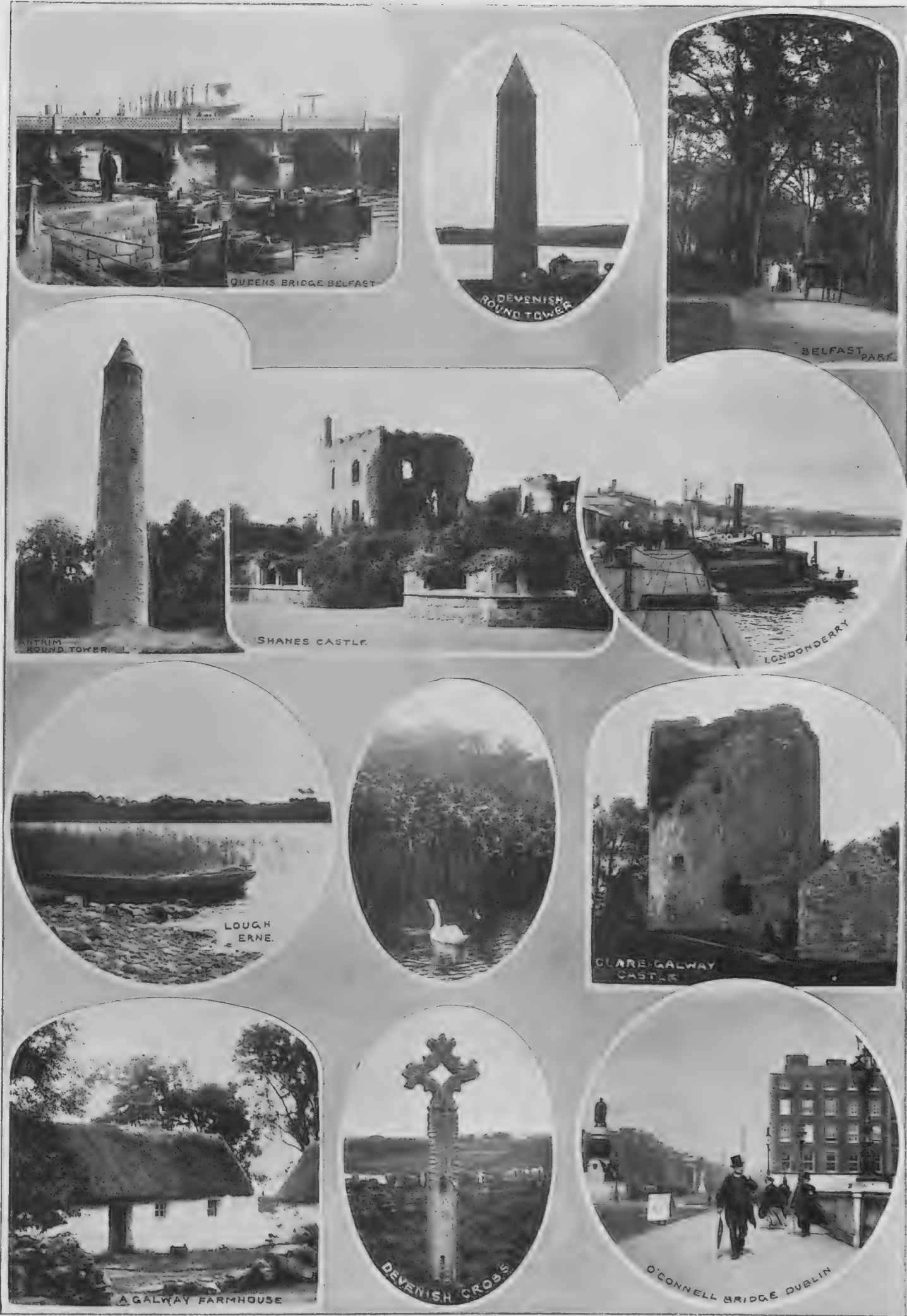
The outlook, then, is not brilliant for Russia. The United States are coming on the scene of the Far East, and their obvious interest is to prevent Muscovite encroachment on their trade. Japan is also doubtful, and might be very formidable with strong financial backing. In any case, the financial strain is growing too heavy to bear unless confidence is restored and credit revives. What is the best foundation for confidence? Clearly, assured and universal peace. And what is the condition of assured peace? Evidently, disarmament. Now, disarmament is only possible—if at all—by mutual agreement at a Conference. So a Conference is to be called. In any case, it will serve to stave off a war while it lasts; nobody could be so rude as to draw the sword while discussing the best method of beating it into a ploughshare. And nobody will be so uncivil as to want to interfere with the present state of affairs, even in China, while the Peace Conference is sitting. With proper management, the august assembly might be kept going—till the railway stretches from Petersburg to Port Arthur.

At worst, therefore, Russia gains something by the Conference, and very likely she may get more. Too great an insistence on military disarmament may lead to a conflict of opinion: France will never disarm while Alsace and Lorraine are counted German lands. But what if, by common accord, the dispute was shifted to the sea? What if another Armed Neutrality could be made to spring from the philanthropic Peace Conference, and all the great Military States could be united against the greatest Naval State? We know what beautifully pacific letters Napoleon wrote to his enemies when he contemplated any specially audacious attack. He wanted to hoodwink public opinion; and he was often successful, for a time. It will look so bad for England if her rivals invite her to disarm and guarantee peace, and she refuses on some selfish plea of national safety! It would look quite fair to propose equal reduction of fleets, ignoring the fact that France and Russia might be annoyed, but could not be seriously endangered, even if neither had an armed ship on the seas, whereas defeat on the seas would be to England ruin and starvation.

This fear may be exaggerated; but it is significant that, as long as Lord Salisbury meekly submitted to Russian encroachments and pretended to believe Russian assurances, not a word was heard of peace and disarmament.

Why does Russia annex Chinese ports? To show that her aims are Pacific.

MARMITON.



SOME PLACES WORTH SEEING IN IRELAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. SHELLEY.



## GOSSIP ABOUT THE THEATRES.

The Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall have started again, and Mr. Henry J. Wood is at his post. Besides his duties with his London orchestra, Mr. Wood has undertaken the conductorship of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society, and in that lace-centre he spends one day of



MR. HENRY J. WOOD.

Photo by Ellis, Copper Baker Street, N.W.

every week, filling in any leisure hours he may have with teaching and a little composition. In the last-named phase of his art Mr. Wood has also given ample promise, and one or two operas from his pen, notably "Daisy," "Fancine," and "Jean Marie," have been successfully produced, if I mistake not, in Dublin, and he already has a goodly list of published songs, cantatas, and oratorios. Mr. Wood is a Londoner both by birth and education, his musical training having been begun by his father, and before he was six years of age he was a popular *enfant prodigue* and could play almost anything, his tastes inclining not only to Bach and Beethoven, but also to Mozart and Haydn.

Before he was ten he was proficient on the organ, and was appointed deputy-organist at St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, and in

1883 was selected to be the performer on Lewis's organs at the Fisheries, repeating the recitals at the Inventories in 1885 and at Folkestone in 1886 and 1889, his master having been Dr. Charles Steggall, of the Royal Academy of Music. During his studentship at the institution he studied the piano under Mr. Walter Macfarren, composition under Dr. Ebenezer Prout, and singing under the famous Garcia. Having already gained much experience in conducting, in 1890 Mr. Wood was secured by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. D'Oyly Carte to rehearse "Ivanhoe," and later on "The Nautch-Girl" and "La Basoche," after which Mr. Vert induced him to take charge of Madame Marie Roze's farewell operatic tour, and the following summer he "went out" with the Georgina Burns and Leslie Crotty Opera Company, after which he went to the Olympic for the Lago season, his chief work being a very fine production of "Eugene Onegin."

In 1894 he officiated with the Marie Roze concert tour, then at a season of comic opera at the Avenue Theatre, and then, during a holiday at Bayreuth, he met Mottl, who arranged with him that he should rehearse the impending Wagner Concerts for him, and since that time Mr. Wood has conducted upwards of three hundred concerts in the Queen's Hall, and been constantly *en évidence* everywhere in the musical world, the repertoire of his orchestra now numbering over a thousand classical works. Next May he is to share the honours of conducting at the London Musical Festival with M. Lamoureux, during the week the Parisian and the Queen's Hall Orchestras performing alternately. Mr. Wood returned only for the present season from his honeymoon, having, on July 20, married a very charming young Polish lady, Olga, daughter of the late Princess Sofie Ourousoff of Emilovka, Podolia.

One of the best banjo-players is Mr. F. E. Lovegrove, whose father was a famous violin-concertina player in his day. Mr. Lovegrove began on the concertina, but he soon gave it up in favour of the banjo, with which he won a prize in 1883. He has invented the plectral thimble for the American banjo.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, who adapted his own story "Kiddie" to the stage, has now dramatised a second story from the same book, "Furrows." This play, called "Because of Billy Rudd," will be produced by Mr. Herbert Sleath at the Strand Theatre towards the end of September, to precede the amusing American play, illustrated recently in *The Sketch*, "What Happened to Jones." "Jerry and a Sunbeam," a duologue which has frequently been played by Mr. C. Aubrey Smith and Miss Beryl Faber, is also Mr. Hamilton's adaptation of a story from "Furrows."



MR. F. E. LOVEGROVE.

Photo by Richardson, Camberwell.

Quite an outcry has gone up from the musical amateurs at the withdrawal of the "Monday Pops." Though the music-loving public may not give an institution adequate support, it does not like the institution to come to an end, and round the famous "Pops" there has gathered a very network of reminiscence. Before there was such a glut of music in the London market and so many new experiments came into vogue, people would have said that the Monday night selections of chamber-music were the most assured success in London. They had a suggestion of permanence, patronised as they were by people who seemed to combine a sense of duty with their choice of recreation, and would listen religiously to every note of music with enthusiasm, yet with complete attention. I thought a few years ago that the Monday "Pops" would survive the Crystal Palace Saturday Series, but they are gone; while at Sydenham Mr. Gillman and August Manns have everything *en train* for the forty-third series, and one of the earliest attractions is to be the reappearance of Paderewski. I daresay the Crystal Palace will benefit indirectly by the cessation of the Monday night concerts, and if the railway companies that serve Sydenham could be moved to a proper service of fast or punctual trains, the star of the Palace would soon be in the ascendant.

As a rule the audiences at the Palace Theatre are very critical and cold, and it frequently takes a week or a fortnight before even an established favourite behind the footlights is admitted to favour in the variety theatre managed by the "uncrowned king," Charles Morton. In the case of Miss May Belfort, who is fortuitously known as the "French and English comedienne," her taste and modesty were immediately appreciated when she was here last spring, and she was re-engaged to return to the Palace on September 5. Meanwhile, Miss Belfort has been appearing in New York, and more recently in St. Petersburg, with great success. She is now on her way back from Paris with a renewed wardrobe of wonderful costumes, some new songs of Yankee origin, and a ballad in Russ dialect.



MISS MAY BELFORT.

Photo by Bielowsky, St. Petersburg.

I suppose we have not all forgotten one of the numerous prima donnas of the Savoy Theatre, Miss Nancy McIntosh. Mr. Burr McIntosh, her brother, a Transatlantic University man, actor, and journalist, has returned invalided from Cuba, and is preparing for the production of a play of his, based on his Cuban experiences, called "The War Correspondent." This is copy-making indeed.

I am quite sorry to hear from two correspondents in Johannesburg that the playgoers of the Golden City will not have "La Poupée" at any price, and that Mr. Frank Wheeler's company has been playing to a beggarly array of empty benches. They do not, apparently, complain about the performers or the mounting and dressing; they will not have the play. I should not have thought that any collection of playgoers could have been found indifferent to the charms of M. Audran's pretty opera, and the fact shows the danger and risk attendant upon taking out a big company to South Africa. If you have a big success, the profits cannot be very large when all the passages and attendant costs are paid; moderate success would probably spell a condition of things in which neither profit nor loss obtained, less than that all the varying degrees of loss and disappointment. Yet it is only fair to remember that Johannesburg has usually endorsed the verdict of London, and is generally ready with a warm welcome for a good thing; certainly the depression in the town always appears to stop short at the theatre-doors. "Things are terribly bad here," writes my friend; "men who were wealthy three years ago are penniless to-day, cash and credit are alike wanting . . . but we all go to the theatre; it is our only solace." There is a rumour of a new theatre, of which I hope to have the particulars so soon as it ceases to be a rumour and approaches the domain of fact.

Madame Fanny Moody and her husband, Mr. Charles Manners, are just starting their new opera company, which, together with the Carl Rosa and other companies, should provide a sufficiency of good music for country lovers of opera in English.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.



LORD WHITEGATE, FIRST PRIZE SINGLE HARNESS.  
*Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.*



THE SQUIRE, FIRST PRIZE AMERICAN TROTTER.  
*Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.*



MR. MATTHEW FLANAGAN'S CHAMPION ROSCOMMON RAM.  
*Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.*



MR. T. L. HODGIN'S CHAMPION LINCOLN RAM.  
*Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.*



MR. J. CLARKE'S FIRST PRIZE THOROUGHBRED MARE AND FOAL.  
*Photo by Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.*



MERRY DUCHESS AND HER JAUNTING-CAR.  
*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*



HIGHLAND LASS AND HER SMART CAB.  
*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*



BELINDA AND BELGRAVIA.  
*Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.*

## "THE TERMAGANT," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

"Termagant" is somewhat too harsh a word to apply to the beautiful, wayward, capricious, passionate Beatrix, Princess of Moya, who in the year 1403—which to-day Spain marks with a black stone—met Don Roderigo of Tiana, one of the hundred and twenty human beings who accompanied Christopher Columbus on his ever-memorable voyage of discovery. The first appearance of the Don was surprising, since he ventured to present himself at the punctilious Court of Moya bearded like the pard—and a very hairy pard—and in uncouth costume. Yet, even thus, he caught the maiden heart of Beatrix, who, startled and even horrified by her strange feelings, mocked and flouted Roderigo, calling him "monster," "fish," and the like, and bade him begone. He stayed, for love had come to him as swiftly as to her. The Princess sent four gentlemen of her Court, lily-livered creatures, to drive the Don away, but he blandly insulted them, and in the garden of the Palace had himself shaved, scented, and trimmed. The Princess came down, and Roderigo hid himself and indulged in some eavesdropping. The result of the eavesdropping was that he learnt from the confession of Beatrix to the old garden-well that she loved him. Armed with this knowledge, he was able to woo her with success at a prodigious speed. It was but upon their second meeting that he forced from her the confession of her love. She, however, bade him go, and he, a fellow of vast impudence and but shallow strategy, took her at her word and went.

Now, the Palace of Moya contained two black sheep. The one was Felipa, faithless wife to a noble gentleman, the dear friend of Roderigo; the other was Don Garcia, a cowardly, false fellow, who, after ruining Felipa, grew tired of her and resolved to use the poor creature, constant in her inconstancy, as stepping-stone to Beatrix. Roderigo had brought to Felipa a letter from her guileless husband, and Garcia saw in this a means of wronging him; he suggested to Beatrix that the mariner was false to her, and worse than false to Felipa. However, Beatrix, despite doubt and distrust, fought valiantly against suspicion, and even the stupidity of Roderigo. The scheme of Don Garcia seemed to be foiled, but fortune favoured him. The Princess had given to Felipa the Moya ring, a Borgia-like contrivance, with spring and poison. This Garcia endeavoured to obtain, but Roderigo, seeing Felipa about to give it, intercepted it, and put it upon his finger.

When Beatrix found that she could get no plain answer from her lover about his relations with Felipa, and saw her ring upon his finger, she not unnaturally believed that Felipa had given him the ring as a love-token, and in her passion at the thought came very close upon killing him with it, but at the last moment drew back, overmastered by her love: she bade him leave her. Garcia, who was waiting outside, treacherously murdered him. No sooner was poor Roderigo gone than Beatrix discovered that her lover was faithful, and in her revulsion of feeling determined at once to wed him. Vastly pathetic was it to think of poor Beatrix waiting for her lover and sending out her minstrels to meet him with song and glad strains of music, while all the time his body lay a-bleeding in the dust. Back they brought him, not dead, but with only life enough to enable him to bid her farewell—a short farewell, since in the moment she sought to join him by aid of the direful Moya ring.

The play by Mr. Parker and Mr. Carson is undoubtedly beautiful in conception, and in many parts admirable in execution. Miss Olga Nethersole gave a very interesting and very uneven performance, marked by moments of real power and beauty, but also by moments of what seemed wilful ugliness. Mr. Murray Carson, as the Don, spoke his lines naturally, with conviction, fortunately, too, with true art, and gave a manly, slightly rough performance. What laughter here was in the piece came from the clever low comedy of Mr. Harry Paulton. Miss Grace Warner had a heavy task as Felipa, in which she acted with sincerity and skill. One cannot but regret so little use was made of the services of Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Eva Williams.

## "TOMMY DODD," AT THE GLOBE.

The title, "Tommy Dodd," chosen by Mr. Shillingford for his farce at the Globe, is rather alarming to the expert playgoer. For what is "Tommy Dodd" but a term descriptive of a mode of "tossing up for drinks," or the name of a dead music-hall song of the unregenerate days? And, if it be nothing more, how could one expect any delicacy of wit or finesse of humour in a piece so named? As a fact, "Tommy Dodd" is the name of a young man who looks the embodiment of tossing up for drinks and vulgar music-halldom. He is a middle-class 'Arry, and he lives in very bad society, a society in which husbands and wives indulge in vigorous, criss-cross, illegitimate flirtations. It is not needful to pose as an indignant moralist because the conduct of the characters would be disgraceful if true, since Mr. Shillingford has not made his play plausible enough to be shocking. One listens unmoved to the lies; one watches X making disgraceful advances to Y in order to annoy Z, and Y acting in a similar way towards W to vex V, and so on, with a feeling of bewilderment, weariness, and wonder, but without the blush of virtuous wrath which on fit—or rather, unfit—occasions mantles the cheeks of the critics. If "Tommy Dodd" succeeds it will be mainly due to the brilliant acting of Miss Eva Moore, the clever work of Miss Milly Thorne, and the energetic efforts of Miss Cicely Richards and Mr. Watty Brunton. Perhaps also I should mention the conscientious acting of Mr. J. L. Shine and Mr. Mackay. No doubt Mr. Bertie Wright acted with ingenuity, but he was guilty in some measure of overacting.

## "THE GIPSY EARL," AT THE ADELPHI.

So far as the Adelphi is concerned, the American invasion which began at that theatre has left absolutely no traces. The acting is as it used to be, and Mr. Sims's romantic drama scornfully ignores all the alleged advance in melodrama. It is true that in some passages one observes a restraint of language, or, at least, an avoidance of "high-falutin'" speeches, which has rather a curious effect, having regard to the general technique of the play, and gives a suggestion of timidity on the part of the author. "The Gipsy Earl" is a somewhat curiously inaccurate title, seeing that the hero is not a Gipsy at all, but merely a Gorgio who, for the convenience of Mr. Sims, goes a-gipsying and abandons his birthright without getting a mess of pottage. Indeed, it may be doubted whether he could establish his title to the earldom, since the possession of a miniature of his mother and the fact of his having a scar—which, apparently, is the modern version of the strawberry-mark—on his arm is far less than the corroborative evidence which proved insufficient for the Tichborne claimant. The earl's love of wandering—may I call it his "Chemineau" instinct?—brings him into contact with the daughter of an aristocrat who lives among the Romanys, believing herself to be one of them. With superb audacity, Mr. Sims hangs his story upon the far from smooth course of the love-affairs of these two. There are villains by the bushful anxious to ruin these sham Egyptians, so one has murders and rescues, and false accusations, and bad law in abundance, as well as the sturdy scorn of common sense which is the essential quality of melodrama. The "clou" of the piece is the windmill scene, which, in accordance with custom, has a merely fraudulent appearance of utility. The hero is imprisoned in the old mill, outside is waiting a man ready to shoot him; a friend climbs one of the idle sails of the windmill, gets into the mill, sets the sails a-moving, liberates the hero, and then the two climb out, and, clutching the revolving sails, are borne to the ground, and the audience applauds prodigiously. Fortunately, Mr. Sims does not confine his labours to the Gipsy story, which, to use the common and essentially absurd figure of speech, he must have written with his tongue in his cheek. The writer, who never seems to exert himself to write his best for the stage, has presented some comic characters, or rather, comico-pathetic characters, which lend value to the play. Long after the sails have ceased to revolve and people have forgotten the complicated story, they will remember Dick and little "Titia, and the elopement of the foundling boy, whose head is full of nonsense about highwaymen, whose heart is full of precocious manhood and chivalry. The author is fortunate to have such artists as Miss Fairbrother and Miss Maggie Bowman to present these characters. More laughter, if not greater pleasure, came from the ever-popular Harry Nicholls as a policeman with a horror of the force; his love-affairs with Jennie Quarles, brightly acted by Miss Blanche Walseley, and his effort to arrange the marriage of her father with the only eligible widow in the village, carried us through some rather dangerous scenes successfully. To deal fairly with the dozens of clever people engaged in the company is impossible; one cannot refrain from mentioning the names of Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Keith Wakeman, and Mrs. Leigh, of Messrs. Fred Terry, Hippisley, Maurice, Mollison, Devereux, Glendinning, and Athol Forde, all of whom worked with a will as well as skill.

Mr. William Devereux has only just returned from touring with "The Liars," having previously earned very high praise for his impersonation of the part of Stephen Lyle in "When the Lamps are Lighted." Mr. Devereux was born at Kimbolt in 1870, and, after the ordinary boy's education, he made his début at Stratford-on-Avon in 1889, when Mr. Osmond Tearle was giving the birthday performances at the Memorial Theatre. There he played in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "King John," "King Lear," and other pieces, and remained with Mr. Tearle for rather more than eighteen months, after which he was secured by Mr. Hermann Vezin to play Horatio and other leading parts. Six months later on he went to the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, for melodrama, and then on tour in "Harbour Lights," returning to undertake leading parts and stage-manage for Mr. Vezin. Next he joined Mrs. Bernard Beere for her last tour, after which he went to South Africa, and after twelve weeks he and Mr. Herbert Fleming took over the company and ran on for a further tour of twenty-seven weeks. Then he came home again to secure new plays for himself and Mr. Leslie Kenyon (of the Criterion Theatre), but after he had brought together a strong company, they found their banking account had been embezzled. Fortunately, his old friend and partner, Mr. Fleming, came to the rescue, and, taking over the entire company, he also engaged Mr. Devereux to go out to South Africa again as his stage-manager.



MR. DEVEREUX, THE GIPSY VILLAIN.  
Photo by Karoly, Birmingham.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

The St. Leger must be alluded to, as a matter of form, although I think the race will be devoid of interest this year. Jeddah looks to have the race at his mercy, but, when it comes to saying what will be placed, the task is surrounded with difficulties. Disraeli has not been doing the right sort of work for the Town Moor. This colt must have been very well when he won the Guineas, and sooner or later he may reproduce that form, but not, I take it, until he has gained more courage than he possesses at present. Dunlop is a queer customer, and he may be nearly first or absolutely last. I believe the colt was very much liked when he left Sandringham, but he has seemingly deteriorated of late. I think Batt, despite the hole he made in his manners at York, will be second, and Schomberg may get into third place.



CUP PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL NAVAL YACHT CLUB.

For the Tattersall Sale Stakes a big entry has been received, and, if Sweet Marjorie is worth anything like the amount she cost Sir Waldie Griffiths, she should win easily. For the Rous Plate, Desmond, if started, should have an easy task, as a good two-year-old will give a bad one any weight in reason. Brio ought to win the Scarborough Stakes, and Lowood has a great chance of winning the valuable Coronation Stakes. There are several horses still left in the Doncaster Stakes, which is run on the last day of the meeting; but the race looks a good thing for Champ de Mars, whose owner, Mr. Douglas Baird, has not met with anything like his fair share of luck on the Turf, but he owns some good horses just now.

Some of the blood-stock to be offered at Doncaster may fetch big prices, but I fancy the average will be a bad one, as the tightness of money in the City has caused some of the big financiers to retire from racing, and our landed noblemen are not in a position to give thousands for yearlings. Breeding for profit is not the game that it was, and it is a lucky thing for the Turf that we have gentlemen like the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Rosebery, who take delight in breeding their own winners. True, the two Dukes referred to have made a good thing out of their breeding-studs. At the same time, the Turf has greatly benefited by their enterprise, and it is a matter for congratulation that the foreigners were not allowed to get hold of Orme, Bend Or, and St. Simon.

Racegoers are dressy—I refer to the men. Perhaps the best-dressed man on the course is Sir George Chetwynd, who looks nice whether attired in a frock-coat or a shooting-jacket. The Duke of Portland dresses well, in frock-coat and top-hat. The Duke of Westminster affects a grey serge suit, and generally wears a blue collar. The Duke of Devonshire pays little heed to his personal attire, and he might easily be mistaken for a country yeoman. Lord Lurgan is always got-up to perfection. Lord Lonsdale looks well in a frock-coat, so does the Earl of Durham. Prince Soltykoff generally wears a yachting-jacket. Lord Rendlesham is one of the finest men to be met with on the course, if we except Mr. Portman-Dalton, of Kempton fame.

In the description of races I often read, "So-and-so, who was in blinkers, would not try, and was easily beaten." It is really astounding to think of the number of rogues there are in training at the present time, and, as I have said many times before, many of the racehorses are, in my opinion, made rogues by the way they are treated. It is all moonshine to say, as some trainers do, "Oh, it's in the breed of 'em." If I had my way, any trainer who ran more than half-a-dozen rogues in one year should not be allowed to carry on his calling, while any jockey who in weighing-in were to say that the animal he rode "ran a pig of a horse" should be made to stand down for a month.

Now that the weights for the Autumn Handicaps have been published, business in the clubs is looking up, but many of the transactions represent only money sent over by the Continental agents to be used for covering purposes. Despite the fact that ready-money betting is illegal in England, the backers' money is sent over to Flushing and other Continental towns, and is returned to this country again for investment, and, what is more, the Continental agents keep their banking accounts in England, and pay out with English cheques. The

Government of this country must make a big thing out of the Continental agents, what with the fees for telegrams, the money got for postal-orders, and the stamps used on the letters sent to and fro. Some of the big agents on the Continent employ forty clerks, so that they must have a large number of letters to deal with.

The recent agitation *re* racecourse ruffianism has borne good fruit, as Clerks of Courses are now employing an extra staff of plain-clothes men, who keenly watch the doings of "the boys," and there are plenty of detectives at Scotland Yard who could spot five out of six of the racecourse roughs. But it is after the crowd has left the course that some of these villains ply their trade to a profitable tune, and, although the excuse may hold good that it would be impossible to prevent them going on to a racecourse, it ought to be easy enough to set them free on their way home after the races are over. A case was brought to my notice the other day, where a ferry-boat had to be used for getting from a certain racecourse, and at the end of the day the boat was loaded with rough characters, when a bookmaker came on board with his day's takings in his satchel. The boat was turned over in mid-stream, but the layer stuck to his bag, and got off with a wetting.

What do you say to the starting of races by siren? I think, if the siren were used in conjunction with the starting-machine, and the hideous whistle were blown before the tape went up, the start would be a big success. Of course, you remember the story of the 'bus-horse in the ring at Astley's Circus who would not move a peg until a spectator shouted "All right behind, Jack," when the old quadruped started off helter-skelter round the ring. I think horses are sensitive in the matter of hearing; then why not try the siren?

The Great Northern Railway Company are making special arrangements in connection with the Doncaster Races. The usual service of fifteen express trains will be maintained from London. First and third class luncheon-cars will be attached to the special express leaving King's Cross at 9.40 a.m. to-day, to-morrow, and Friday, due Doncaster at 12.40. First and third class dining-cars will also be run on the special express leaving Doncaster at 6.5 p.m. to-day and to-morrow, due King's Cross 9.5 p.m., and on Friday on the 5 p.m., due King's Cross 8 p.m. First and third class dining-cars are also run on the 6.18 p.m. from Doncaster; due King's Cross 9.20 p.m. To enable visitors from town to return immediately after the last race on "Cup" day, Friday, special express trains will leave Doncaster at 4.10, 4.40, and 5 p.m. Third-class passengers will be conveyed by all trains. To-day (St. Leger Day) an excursion for one or three days will leave London.

CAPTAIN COE.

## YACHTING.

The cup illustrated above has been presented to the Royal Naval Yacht Club by the Natal Navigation Collieries, Limited, for races by "Toby" boats—that is, fourth-class yachts. It has been made by Elkington. Natal, I may say, offers to be Imperialistic to the tune of twelve thousand tons of coal per annum. The offer has been accepted, and the word has been passed that this is no time for the Uitlanders' interests in the Transvaal to be backward in coming forward. From Mr. Dale Lace's cabled communication to Mr. Chamberlain, the Uitlanders have done their duty.



SOME FAMOUS CROQUET-PLAYERS.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 7, 7.32; Thursday, 7.30; Friday, 7.28; Saturday, 7.26; Sunday, 7.23; Monday, 7.21; Tuesday, 7.19.

The lady cyclist is a person of greater resource than perhaps the public suspect. When I published a fortnight ago a photograph of the "Velo Quartette" at the Alhambra, I did not mention the names of the individual riders. Two of them, it appears, are old favourites in London. Those interested in cycling remember the excitement produced



MESDAMES BÉANY AND MARCELLE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

some years ago by the races between English and foreign cycle-women, held at the Aquarium. Among the most brilliant representatives were Mesdames Béany and Marcelle, who formed part of the "Velo Quartette" at the Alhambra. These ladies, whose photograph on a tandem is given herewith, claim to be champion lady tandem-riders. They have, however, grown tired of success on the path, and determined to adventure themselves on the theatre. Whether their engagement at the Alhambra is their first appearance on the boards or not, I cannot tell. However that may be, their success warrants them in expecting a prosperous career in the English and foreign variety halls. Of course, in their tandem-riding they wear the rationals. I have lately seen statements that Frenchwomen are abandoning the use of the bifurcated garb for bicycling. My recent trip abroad showed clearly that the idea has no foundation. In not a few matters the French are more logical and rational than we.

A friend of mine just returned from Tours tells me that it is very unusual to see a woman there who wears a skirt while cycling. The rational costume is to be found in many and varied fashions. Paris is generally adopting a skirt cut upon the model of the better-made English skirts; but the feminine cyclists of Tours and the neighbourhood seem to prefer knickerbockers. My friend remarked that the fashion was certainly not becoming to the female "form divine," as that kind of garment requires to be worn by tall, slight figures, and the ladies of Tours, as a rule, were far from answering to this description.

Nobody can speak disparagingly of Taylor's splendid performance at Manhattan Beach, and Michael himself should be the last to complain at having been fairly and squarely beaten. The negro, indeed, was put to considerable disadvantage when, during the first heat, his pacing machine broke down; had this not been the case he would undoubtedly have beaten Michael in all three heats. As it was, he covered the mile in the second heat in exactly 1 min. 43½ sec., and in the third heat in 1 min. 41½ sec., thus easily lowering the world's record for a mile with a standing start.

Under the heading "Things Cyclists See," a correspondent sends me the following—

Three or four magistrates, gloriously ignorant;  
Three or four scorchers, equally innocent;  
Three or four constables, three or four liars;  
Three or four bicycles, six or eight tyres;  
Three or four witnesses, bringing appeals;  
Three or four documents, six or eight seals;  
Three or four squires, three or four bores;  
Tag-rag and bobtail, three or four scores;  
Three or four statutes, misunderstood;  
Three or four victims—"women who would";  
Three or four roads that never were mended;  
Three or four fines, and then the Bench rises for lunch.

Now is the time for cyclists who have not already done so to adopt a self-sealing or a non-puncturable tyre, for in nearly every part of England hedge-clipping has begun, the result of this bramble-harvest being that for a month or more both sides of most of our country roads will be found covered with thorns almost big enough to pierce an ironclad. Unfortunately, there is no way of inducing hedge-trimmers to

remove their clippings; why in the world should they remove them? Therefore a comfortable ride can at present be ensured only by having one's machine fitted with puncture-proof tyres.

I have only just been told of a very curious adventure which befell a cyclist in Norfolk a short time ago. As he was coasting down rather a steep incline not many miles from Diss, a large swarm of bees, apparently mistaking his straw hat for a hive, settled upon his head. Fortunately, the rider kept his wits about him, and, realising exactly what had happened, and why it had occurred, he slightly increased his speed until a cottage at the foot of the hill came into sight. At the cottage he alighted, and, having indicated to the old woman living in it his perilous position, he calmly sat down by the roadside and waited. Almost immediately the old woman and all her children came running out beating tin pots and pans, and within a very short time the swarm rose from his head into the air and presently disappeared in the distance. Though the cyclist's face, neck, and hands were covered with glutinous liquid, he was not stung. Had he lost his presence of mind at the outset, however, and enraged the sticky swarm, he would in all probability have been quickly done to death.

Another cycling wedding! Though it may not have been recorded in the Society journals, it was quite up-to-date. The "happy couple" rode up to the registrar's office at Tottenham on a tandem, and having completed the necessary formalities, wheeled away on their honeymoon. It is stated that the bride, instead of being arrayed in the customary white satin and veil, wore the rational costume. It is to be hoped the registrar was equal to the occasion, and made no unfortunate mistake as to which was the bride and which the bridegroom.

The Scottish police authorities should really be more careful in the wording of their charges. A case came before the Court at Johnstone the other day, in which a certain Mr. James Collins was charged with recklessly and carelessly driving a bicycle through Johnstone. The plaint was objected to on the ground that a person could not be said to "drive" a bicycle. It ought to have been "riding." Moreover, the clause in the Act under which the charge was made refers to "riding or driving furiously, recklessly, or carelessly of any horse attached to a cart or carriage, or driving furiously, recklessly, or carelessly any animal." Fortunately for the cyclist, even the wisdom of a Scotch bailie was unable to rule that a bicycle was an animal within the meaning of the Act, and the case was withdrawn.

Lord Charles Beresford, who is a keen cyclist, made an excellent speech recently at a meeting of cyclists at Stamford Bridge. The occasion was a "charity run" for the purpose of raising funds for the benefit of the road-menders of the district. He eulogised the pastime of cycling, and spoke of its improving effect on road-maintenance. There is no question that since the cycle came into vogue we have seen an immense improvement in the condition of the main roads throughout the country, and the liberality of cyclists towards the road-menders in many districts has urged them to be more careful in keeping the surface in good condition, an advantage not only to wheelmen, but to the public generally.

The Vicar of St. George's Church, Everton, presiding at the annual dinner of a Liverpool cycling club, said that he was "looking forward to the time when children of tender years would at once be put upon bicycles, and perambulators would be things of the past." Allowance must always be made for the exuberance of after-dinner oratory, and we will hope the vicar said more than he meant. To put very young children on bicycles is doubtful policy from the point of view of health, and it would surely add considerably to the perils of the road to have irresponsible infants careering at their own sweet will when they are scarce old enough to distinguish their right hand from their left.



"THE SKETCH" IN NEW ZEALAND.

Photo by C. H. Mathias, Christchurch, New Zealand.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## THE FOR AND AGAINST OF FASHIONS.

It is an oft-told truism that women are more adaptable to new surroundings than men, and in no circumstance is this more noticeable than in the country maiden transplanted by marriage to the gaiety and change of city life. She becomes so soon acclimatised to her change, this little colourless primrose, torn up by the roots from its bed of damp moss, and transplanted in a town conservatory for cultivation and exhibition. She is emancipated at all points, in fact, and, the bosom of her family being a shrine at which she no longer worships, the sisters when they come to town on much-looked-forward-to visits find themselves heavily handicapped in point of dress, manners, and knowledge of the world generally by the little matron who demurely left the home a year or two before. Men are different. If bred in the town, they are bored in the turnips, and if *vice versé*, no situation ever invented will cause them to breathe freely between bricks and mortar.

One of the annoying things about these country young men too—who are, after all, so very like the fine old English gentleman of the ballad—is that they cannot be brought to understand what a Paradise is the Metropolis to their womenkind. They sniff contemptuously at shops, and decline to consider the tragedy of appearing in last Season's fashions as retailed by local emporiums. With partridges in the present and pheasants in a near golden future, they find life at the moment pre-eminently satisfying, and refuse the feminine aspect altogether, which leans longingly towards chiffons and can find a soul-felt interest in the future of flounces. I am staying with such a bucolic Benedick at the moment. To repeated hints from his wife as to the beauty and charm of London in late September, from the frock and bonnet aspect, he



A BLACK-AND-WHITE TEA-GOWN.

[Copyright.]

turns an unresponsive and superior ear. Not under any supposable circumstance evidently does he find a longish journey in search of fashions possible to any save sportsmen at this juncture. But he is mistaken. For, with the aid of a delightfully dear and good-natured old family doctor, his wife and I have arranged a fortnight in

town as part of the autumn programme—or “manœuvres,” the doctor calls it—and, if I do not see them in Bond Street next month, it will certainly not be for want of an excellently arranged plan of campaign. At the moment, fashion oracles are still a confused murmur of voices waiting for utterance from Lutetia as to what will be. The woman who



A VISITING-GOWN.

[Copyright.]

buys her autumn outfit in haste is therefore almost certain to repent it at leisure when Madame La Mode declines, for instance, to follow up any of the trial-trips with which she invariably starts a Season. How often one notices a new and startling departure sprung on a waiting world of women which dies down and disappears within a few weeks, having failed, as the Americans elegantly express it, to “catch on”! Those, meanwhile, who went in to win, and bought, are left with the empty husk of an exploded idea with which to comfort their souls, whereas the wise in time who waited can, later, sun themselves in the beams of a declared and accepted style. The “fine and fickle nature of the French,” as Bret Harte puts it, requires some sowing of wild oats before it can allow itself fidelity to any fashion, even that of a three-months’ season; so it is well to mistrust these preliminary canters into millinery which the Rue de la Paix sometimes allows itself at the start. Meanwhile, we have got over the bright-blue fever, for which relief much thanks. Never did the indigo of Reckitt’s allow itself such latitude as it did in the summer that has gone. Where’er you walked, royal blue of the bluest and most unmitigated arose and smote your eyes, and, did one hastily look the other way, it met one again, bright and unblushing, on another side. Vividness is cheerful, and even pleasant, in this country of sad skies and this town of sooty atmosphere, but such arrogant and unadmixed brilliance as that of laundress’s-blue is an affront put by fashion on good taste, and I hope we’ll see no more of it. On the other hand, and in delightful contrast, were the greys, dove, pearl, and silver, of last season. A most gracious, graceful, and becoming colour this one, too, in which at least every dark woman looks her best, so it should rejoice them to hear that it is promised again in thick materials and with much admixture of chinchilla for the coming winter. To contrast with it, the cheerful



red of poppies is also a coming colour, as are the orange, mandarin-red, and amber which made their late appearance just as summer was closing. Trailing skirts and wasp-like waists also threaten us loudly, the elongation of one seeming to be followed in natural sequence by the abbreviation of another. In fact, one might push the argument still further by adding that the inevitable treading on one's neighbour's long skirts evokes all the symptoms of that unpleasant insect's reprisals in the matter of stinging glances and wordless venom on the head of unlucky and heavy-footed offenders. Expensive simplicity as expressed by long and plain, but otherwise heavily ornamented and embroidered, skirts is



[Copyright.]

THE NEWEST HAT.

also among the things to be, and should make a distinct feature of pre-arranged modes. Passing through Dublin on my way to some rural hospitalities some days since, I saw Lady Cadogan driving by in one of the new chenille-embroidered purple cloths, very up-to-date, also in her little Leghorn toque with bunches of mauve and purple wistaria. It was one of her Horse Show dresses, and though somewhat heavy for that sunshiny occasion, was otherwise well fitted for the climatic conditions of this island of saints and showers. By the way, if anyone wants to be particularly smart and well-set-up, she should cause herself to own a glacé silk, with five or three flounces according to taste, each set on with cording. The slight stiffness gives an unusually smart effect, and one of the most entirely successful dresses at the Horse Show was rendered in this way, the colouring being dull blue and pinkish mauve relieved with some enviable and quite exquisite draperies of Irish point on bodice and apron.

Collarless gowns were also very frequently in evidence at this sporting social function, one of the most striking being an entire lace gown, barred with faint-green watered ribbon, and deftly tied with turquoise velvet waistbelt and neckband. Dividing one's attention with the extraordinarily well-frocked women of this year's festivity were the trim-legged, square-shouldered, merry-eyed sportsmen of Hibernia, who foregather in such great numbers at the Show each year. One goes to Ireland somehow on these occasions with certain plaintive misgivings as to its climate and its wrongs, while one comes away with quite another set of impressions, chief among them being that its men are distinctively good-looking, its vintage claret unimpeachable, and its social atmosphere altogether the reverse of that described by our only "political acrobat," Disraeli, whose Hebraic acumen must have really failed him quite unaccountably in summing up the environment and true inwardness of light-hearted, gentlemanly Paddy.

Just as bicycling, tennis, shooting, and other sports variously have their peculiar and particular mode of costume, so, it is amusing and instructive to note, has motor-riding, or "teufteufing," as the Parisians have it. Dusk being a direct and inseparable accompaniment of the loud and noisy automobile, women abroad have decided that alpaca is the only uniform of the road under its administration. At Biarritz, for example, where a friend assures me these negatively charming vehicles may be seen by the dozen—driven too by courageous lovely woman for the most part—alpaca costumes in grey, dove, fawn, and other dust-drowning colours are so frequent as to amount to a uniform. With us over here the automobile has not yet developed its attractions, but who can tell what a terrible time is coming should we once take it into our capricious heads that this dusty, noisy, smoky game is worth the candle?

The young Queen of Holland's coronation will, in more senses than one, be an emerging from the chrysalis state to the fully blown glories of the butterfly, for she has been "excellently brought up" on the most severely simple lines as regards frocks and finery, so the gorgeous dresses

and jewels that have been prepared for the maiden Queen's début must take added charm in her girlish eyes. One of her most beautiful gowns is of white satin embroidered with gold and small diamonds in an intricate and elaborate design after the popular Louis Quinze fashion. Half of the Dutch Sovereign's dresses have been made in Paris, while, to soothe national susceptibilities, the remainder of the trousseau has been delivered over to skilled native artists at The Hague. Another royal gown, also in virginal white—which the Queen-Regent prefers to all other colours for her daughter—was covered with a delicate lattice-work embroidery of blue and mauve flowers. One of Queen Wilhelmina's own selection is a pale shade of blue satin, quite simply made, with long train and pointed belt of gold and jewel sewn embroidery.

The heat wave is over, and for that period to our distresses one is indeed bound to rejoice. Perhaps its only comic side was shown by the suffering victims of tight-lacing during its visitation. It was, in fact, just as well that this abnormal trip into the tropics did not occur while the Season was in progress, judging from the pathetic results of a hundred in the shade on artificially assisted complexions and unduly compressed waists.

Extravagance has been so consistently the keynote of all fashions for the past two or three Seasons that those of us who still retain any fragment of a frugal mind will appreciate the introduction of black lace gowns as a step in the long-wearing, money-saving direction. Paris has ordained them, and this example of the new style in a tea-gown with white lace-flounced front, touched in with artistic lines of black ribbon-velvet, should seem good in most eyes. The black ribbon-velvet neckband of this sketch is, besides, a universally worn factor to the modish collarless gown with most *chic* Continentals at present. Another revival of thirty years ago is the velvet under-skirt and vandyked cloth polonaise, of which an attractive arrangement herein is set forth, the colour being a dull moss-green, with which the black velvet, feather-crowned picture-hat and its *cache-peigne* of pink roses go very prettily. These large hats seem, indeed, in for a success of more than mere esteem this season, and one of the latest expressions of millinery as she is spoke will be seen in this velvet-edged chapeau, with thick, soft garniture of chenille-spotted white feathers curling over the brim in front, while a cluster of roses and foliage frames the face most becomingly. Such a hat would indeed crown any costume successfully.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANGLO-INDIAN.—You should have the muslins made up carefully by a French laundress, or, better still, why not send them to a good cleaner? P. and P. Campbell, of the Perth Dye Works, are first-rate people, and will return your most delicate laces and embroideries "equal to new." They would dye the Chuddah shawls and cashmere, too, most successfully, and, unless you wish it, the dresses need not be unpicked. One of the evils of barrack life is that so many things get packed away and forgotten. But if you fear that moth has got into the tiger-skins, it would be as well to send them to P. and P. Campbell's too. They renovate and clean all such matters to admiration. You will probably find their agent in your town, but, if not, send direct to Perth.

HON. MRS. G.—(1) Jay's would make your gloves to order. They would also send down a fitter if you could not get up to town. (2) I have no idea, but you could get their estimate.

LADY GARDENER (Cheshire).—I am not an expert, but have heard the new disinfecting fluid, "Eucryl," highly praised, and imagine it might be advantageously tried in your glass-houses. Mixed with water in the proportion of from one to five per cent., it has a fresh, pleasant odour, and is soluble in either hot or cold water, to which it gives a milky, opaline appearance. You can get large bottles at eighteenpence each, and smaller ones at half that price. There is also a special preparation of Eucryl, called "Bath Eucryl," which is greatly recommended as being a luxurious and refreshing addition to the washing-tub. All chemists keep it, I fancy, but, should yours not be so up-to-date, it can be had from Major and Co., of Hull, who are the makers of this new "universal application."

SYBIL.



CERBERUS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR HERCULES.



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.*

## MONEY.

Quite a strong demand for money arose toward the end of the week, and the discount-houses suddenly found themselves in a position to demand  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. for day-to-day advances, while three months' fine bills were done at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. America continued a strong buyer of precious metal, and a further fall occurred in the New York exchange. Added to this were the requirements of a Stock Exchange Settlement, which was followed immediately by the Consol Account, and on the first day of the month over two dozen undertakings were claiming calls from their shareholders. The payment of dividends at this time of the year has also to be included when one takes stock of the position of the Money Market, but Lombard Street was quite willing to lend its hoards after August's balance-sheets had been ruled-up. That the American Government is inclined to the belief that dearer money will soon be with us is evidenced by the fact that it has ordered the payment of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  millions for interest, in a week or a fortnight's time, instead of waiting until it shall actually become due on October 1. Nevertheless, and in spite of their falling reserves, the New York bankers have generally renewed their advances and are not calling in their money to any noticeable extent. The gold premium at Valparaiso is quoted to-day at 26 per cent., and an interesting item is the announcement made by the Agent-General for Western Australia that the unallotted balance of £450,000 of the last 3 per cent. loan has been subscribed at £94 4s. per cent.

The Bank of England return showed that the market supplies of money were fast being reduced, for there was a diminution of £1,620,478 in the "Other Deposits," a movement mainly attributable to the allotment of Treasury Bills. The ratio of reserve to liabilities is unchanged at  $48\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. less than it was twelve months ago, and the reserve of  $23\frac{1}{2}$  millions is £750,000 less than it was at this time last year.

## THAT UNIVERSAL PEACE.

The Stock Exchange was rather inclined to poke fun at the latest invitation from Russia, and wanted to know if it was another "won't-you-walk-into-my-parlour" scheme for the further aggrandisement of the North-East spider whose legs seem to possess unlimited powers of expansion so far as territory is concerned. Nevertheless, the mere mention of Universal Peace was enough to cause a little temporary flutter upwards among investment stocks, although the movement soon lost its power. A rise having taken place at all shows that the House recognises the potentialities that exist in such an idea, and there was a distinct desire to discount an event which cannot be consummated for years. The apparently sulky tone of the French public was reflected on the Bourse, from which came selling orders of international specialities, much to everyone's surprise, since it was but a few months ago that the French were the most ardent Russophiles in Europe. That the strength first shown by high-class securities should so quickly have disappeared is traceable to the unexpectedly "bearish" attitude adopted by France over the Peace-Problem, although further reflection led to a reaction in our neighbours' sentiments. For the time being, however, the French indecision completely overshadowed that encouraging tone of the English people whose best expression found voice in Mr. John Morley. But if the desired end be attained—if Europe disarm, were it but partially—what a world of new vistas does the thought conjure up! The price of money would become even cheaper as wealth speedily increased among Europe's peoples. What to do with our soldiers and sailors would become a serious difficulty after the disbandment of the immense standing armies, but that the financial position would right itself in course of time we have no doubt. Beset with obstacles as the diplomatic *via pacis* may be, most of the difficulties on the financial side would, we are confident, prove themselves in time to be but aids to the attainment of the disarmed peace so fervently to be desired.

## THE GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Such is the title suggested for the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railways when the anticipated amalgamation has received Parliamentary sanction. Rumour is now busy with the Brighton Company's name as being also a contributory party to the present working agreement between the other two companies, but even rumour has not yet gone so far as to discuss an amalgamation of all three lines. Meanwhile, both South-Eastern and Chatham stocks are under a cloud, and, while all public interest in them appears to have momentarily died away, the few "bears" that are about appear to rule the situation. We have pointed out constantly that, when any important news is expected, a system of discounting goes on so persistently that it very often happens, when the official notification is made, that a result contrary to what might have been forethought is the only alteration. The discounting of the pooling arrangement between the Chatham and South-Eastern is a typical one of hundreds of cases. Vague reports were circulated, and the public expectation kept up to concert-pitch for weeks before the actual terms were made known. For a while the stocks were in high favour, both with the investing and the speculative community, and it is the one thing natural, when everyone had got "all they had gone for," that there should be a relapse upon the "bulls" taking their profits. Probably some three months, or even more, may elapse before any decided benefit becomes visible, and in the meantime people want their money for something else. Chatham Ordinary, we fancy, will see a lower level once

more, because such a gambling counter must rely upon popular favour to maintain its position, and, as we have said, this same favour has been temporarily withdrawn. Why the Chatham and Dover should not succeed it is difficult to understand, for the trains carry an enormous number of passengers, and the company has not been extravagant in the direction of new rolling-stock, as a passenger ruefully remarked the other day at Ludgate Hill. Strict economy is also practised in other departments, and we think we are correct in stating that the Chatham guards are worse off than any of their brethren on other lines, inasmuch as they get no Sunday pay except for special duty. Victoria Station is a heavy drain on the company's coffers for the services of all the officials connected therewith, and there will be drastic alterations all round when Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P., becomes chairman, and Mr. J. S. Forbes the arbitrator of the amalgamated lines. Market conditions point to a temporary fall; but the man who can afford to wait a few years need not be afraid of what will happen in the future to either "Little Chats" or Dover "A."

## YANKEES.

The trade-winds of the American Market are usually looked for in the autumn, and the sharp rise in Yankees has only come a little sooner than was generally expected, that is all. It is curious to note how first one thing and then another is taken in hand by Wall Street, and nearly every day has its own particular feature. The run on Louisville has come and gone for the time being; Pacific stocks of all sorts and conditions have come to the front one after the other, and Milwaukees have been "kept going" for as long a period as a month. Upon Milwaukee the market seems now to hang, and the dividend prospects were fully discussed in this column a week ago. At the time of writing no declaration has been made, but before these lines catch the reader's eye the distribution will probably be known. The future course of the stock will then have to be considered from some new point of view, and the question arises whether the usual fate of temporary oblivion that supervenes after an exciting wait for news will be allowed to overtake the volatile Milwaukees. Of course, it is not to be supposed that they will resign their position as one of the premier gambling counters of the market, but it so often happens that the realisation of Stock Exchange hopes is merely the signal for a fall in the security which benefits by the thing hoped for. On the other hand, the Americans who have taken "Milks" in hand are renowned for their dash and energy, and, considering that their interests must lie in the direction of getting rid of some of the shares they have bought so consistently and so long, it is quite possible that the rise is not yet at an end. Canadas, whose purchase we were recommending last week, have been in good demand, despite a disappointing monthly statement, which shows that a decrease in traffic has been accompanied by a rise in expenses. New York has given signs several times this week that she is getting tired of the burden of manipulating the rise, but, for a time, we think Americans are still looking healthy, and that the speculators would do well to get in upon any pronounced relapse.

## BROKER OR JOBBER?

Young Hopeful has left school, has put away childish things, and is anxious to adopt a silk hat and season-ticket. Paterfamilias, rightly or wrongly, thinks that the Stock Exchange is the quickest available road to wealth for his juvenile chip, and decides that Throgmorton Street is the very place for a boy who by his smartness in mathematics is evidently intended for a famed financier. Inquiries among his friends strengthen the determination of the pater; but for the first time he learns of the great gulf which divides the House, as he begins to call it, into two sections. The words "broker" and "jobber," with which he has been hazily familiar before this, assume new and startling proportions as he hears that it is to one or other of their representatives that he must entrust his son. The man who goes up in the same "First" with him every morning tells the seeker after truth that it is only the jobber who succeeds nowadays, while the young stockbroker who is philandering round his daughter declares that the dealer enjoys the life of a dog, while it is the broker who "pockets all the kudos." As it is at this time of year that the difficulty presents itself with greatest force, a word in season may not come amiss. It must, however, first be distinctly stated that, owing to the general dearth of business, Stock Exchange berths are exceedingly difficult to obtain just now, and the floating supply of skilled clerks is largely in excess of the demand.

We will suppose that first the boy obtains a seat in a broker's office and goes through the regular ten-shillings-a-week stage of transfer duty, acquiring a routine knowledge which will be of immense value to him afterwards. He is eligible for admission to the House as a clerk at the age of seventeen, but, unless special circumstances arise, he will probably have to wait a year or two before his employers think his experience warrants their paying the necessary £23 2s. for him to obtain the entrée of the House. At twenty-one the budding financier can either become a member outright, or may be "authorised" officially to transact business in his firm's name, a privilege rigidly denied to him when unauthorised. A four years' attachment to the House entitles him to the right of admission for 150 guineas, with two sureties, as against the 500 guineas and three sureties required of the man who becomes a member without going through what practically amounts to a four years' apprenticeship. Ever since he entered the City, the young man has been building up a connection of his own among his friends, upon whose business he is allowed half-commission, and if he has a steadily increasing *clientèle*, his lot will most likely be cast among the brokers, for jobbers are not supposed to do business with outsiders at all. So far as the



Stock Exchange is concerned, there is absolutely no difference as regards standing between broker and jobber, but when one considers that it is from brokers that jobbers get their "turns," it must be apparent that the status—sentimental though the difference may be—is not quite the same. The broker is, of course, in his turn dependent upon his clients, but the intercourse between them in most cases is a largely personal one, as, indeed, is often the case between broker and jobber. Then with reference to the work. Here the broker is placed at a distinct disadvantage, because his correspondence is usually heavy, while that of his *confrère* is practically nil, and a broker is harassed with a continual flow of inquiries from people to whom Stock Exchange business is simply so much Syriac. On the great question of which branch is more profitable, the utmost diversity of opinion prevails. It depends so largely upon circumstances that a general decision either way is out of the question, but we can at the present time only point out that the secession from the ranks of brokers to join those of the jobbers shows a large preponderance over that which turns a dealer into a broker.

#### KAFFIRS.

The sudden uprising of prices in the South African Market last Friday, upon the rumour that Delagoa Bay had been purchased by the British Government, shows that hope springs eternal even in a Kaffir jobber's breast. The rise was led by Chartered, and for a few brief minutes the market was nearly as excited as it was when dealing in Chartered Second Debentures a week or two ago. Why the acquisition of the Bay should prove of value to the British South Africa Company was a question which at first puzzled a good many who were taking an active part in the bidding; but it was argued that the step would prove of immense service to the company, by giving it a freer hand in getting to the coast, and would mean the saving to its coffers of thousands of pounds in transit duties. Much more appropriate was the rise in South Africans. A glance at the map shows that Delagoa Bay is virtually the sole egress open to the Transvaal Republic, and, were this in the hands of the British, it would be of immense strategic importance at any time of rupture with the Boers. It can hardly be conceived that Oom Paul and his precious Raad would allow the transfer between Portugal and this country to take place without doing all in their power to upset the negotiations, since our purchase of the Bay would cut off their only easy communication with the coast. Johannesburg and Pretoria both rely upon the friendliness of the Portuguese to enable their inhabitants and their stores to reach them, but we can understand that an impoverished little country like Portugal would find it difficult to resist a tempting cash offer. However, we have heard this report so often before, and it is not so very long ago that a *canard* was afloat as to the purchase of Delagoa Bay by the Fatherland. No sustained revival in Kaffirs can be hoped for in any but dividend-paying and well-managed concerns, unless the public is foolish enough to fall into the snare of thinking that because gold glitters it must be right to buy mining shares, as it did in ignorant recklessness in 1894-5. People know such a lot more than they then did, and are more able to discriminate between the good and the bad. As for another Kaffir boom—*avant cela le Déluge*.

#### RHODESIANS.

From our correspondent at Bulawayo comes another interesting letter anent the mines which may be expected to start crushing during the present year. If it be found correct that the Bonsor can be worked at 25s. per ton—a question on which we share our correspondent's doubts—the Rhodesian Mines will have no ground of complaint that they are handicapped by overwhelming charges should it turn out that the cost of working each property is about the same.

#### SOME RHODESIAN MINES.

It is always possible that the conditions of mining in Rhodesia will be materially altered as the mines attain greater depths. The reefs in most cases may be permanent, but the ore may prove to be so refractory as to defy successful treatment. Hitherto, most of the workings have been confined to the free-milling zone, and one cannot but feel a little curious to know how it comes that so many managers stand shepherding the reef at the 100 or 120 foot level. If any sinking at all is being done in such cases, one or two shafts are possibly going down at a rate of three feet per week. There may be financial reasons for the slow progress of certain Rhodesian mines, but one cannot help surmising that some managers are none too anxious to get beyond the region of oxidised ore.

At the Bonsor Mine, one of the Willoughby group, possibly about the fourth company in the country to start crushing, the gold in the lower workings is carried in sulphurets, and the treatment will include close concentration by means of Frere vanners. The assays at this mine show an average of 10 dwt. free-milling, the fire-assays being considerably higher. In actual milling it is extremely doubtful whether ore of this description mined from the lower levels would ever pay by means of amalgamation alone, and investors will await with interest the results from the combined processes of amalgamation and concentration.

The battery of 40 stamps starts on Oct. 1. Driving is going on in three levels, both north and south sections, and the deepest part of the workings is 360 feet from the apex of the hill. There are close upon 40,000 tons of ore in sight, and the reef, which averages 30 inches in width, is of white quartz lying practically vertical in schist formation. All the indications point to its being a true fissure-vein. If, as Mr. Walter Currie, the consulting engineer, estimates, the Bonsor can work at 25s. per ton, then this mine may pay at the start, though, naturally, the rate of profits will depend upon the percentage extracted from the ore. But, taking all things into consideration, 25s. seems too low an estimate. No provision is made for cyaniding, and the treatment of the tailings by cyanide may ultimately be found necessary.

The Camperdown supplies an object-lesson of the chemical changes which may be expected in the quartz as depth is attained. For the first 150 feet or

so the quartz is a creamy white, but at the 200-foot level, on which driving was recently started, the colour of the ore has changed, it being a bluish grey. This probably indicates trouble for the mill-man when the producing stage is reached. At the 200-foot level the ore is as rich as ever, and in the upper levels, as is generally known, the Camperdown is phenomenally rich in various sections, and the average of the whole mine, so far as opened, is high. The Camperdown is in the Selukwe district, like the Bonsor, Dunraven, Tebekwe, &c. It consists of 120 claims, and is probably the best thing held by the B chuana-land Exploration Company. It will be floated as a separate concern within the next few months.

The average Rhodesian mining-man scouts somewhat airily the idea that the quartz reefs will prove refractory at depth, but a little practical demonstration in the matter would be worth all the protestations of Rhodesian experts. One company has wisely gone to the pains and expense of such a demonstration. The Board of the Charterland Goldfields, Limited, has sent one ton of ore from the Selukwe district to the Rand, and another to Western Australia, for treatment in both cases with a view to ascertaining the best way of dealing with the ore in bulk. The ore was mined from a property called the Little Wanderer, on which there are two or three very big reefs of medium grade. A very large tonnage has been exposed on the first level, where the reefs vary from 18 to 30 feet, and the assays give an average of 12 dwt. The London Board have taken the proper course in putting the ore to practical tests before deciding on a reduction plant. With the moderate average of 12 dwt. to go upon, the reduction plant must be suited to the character of the ore if a mine like this is to pay—a remark which applies to the Bonsor and every other medium and low-grade mine in the country.

The Dunraven, six miles from the Bonsor, and also one of Willoughby's properties, will be probably the third mine in Rhodesia to start milling. It was expected to commence on Sept. 1, coming soon after the Geelong and Selukwe (Tebekwe), and anticipating the Bonsor by a month. Here we have a bedded vein. The quartz is of a bluish white, 36 inches wide, and is bedded in chloritic schist. It is proposed for the present to work only a rich shoot some 300 feet in length and giving an average of 15 dwt. free-milling. Three levels are being driven upon, the third at 420 feet, and a winze going down to the fourth level has proved the rich shoot for a further 50 feet. Costs at this mine will be relatively low, owing to the little timbering required, and, with a moderate extraction, the 10-stamp battery ought to show a certain rate of profit, but tailings' plant may be necessary.

Other Matabeleland mines near the producing stage include the Anterior, in the Gwanda district, eighty miles south of Bulawayo. This is a 10-stamp proposition, like the Dunraven. Down to 150 feet the reef varies from 2 to 3½ feet, and the assays are irregular, some running up to 4 oz. and others being poor. One of the most promising mines in the country is the Globe and Phoenix, in the Sebakwe district to the north of Gwelo. Driving is going on on the first level, 175 feet from the surface, and with very promising results, the reef being usually a good body of ore, about 3 feet and occasionally bigger, and the assays averaging over an ounce. Nothing will be done with reference to a battery till the mine has been proved to 300 feet. The Criterion, ten miles from the town of Bulawayo, will be crushing in the first half of next year. Before then it will be floated in London by Rhodesia, Limited, which owns about four-fifths of the mine. One of the shafts is down 200 feet. The reefs on the property average about 2 feet, and the assays are said to average from 18 to 19 dwt. The Chicago-Gaika at Sebakwe, close to the Globe and Phoenix, is opening up well, though not much work has yet been done. One-half of the property belongs to Willoughby's Company, and the other half to the Rhodesia Exploration and Development Company. The latter company is also working at Gatling Hill, Belingwe, on a property which promises well.

A cablegram was received in London last Friday stating that the Dunraven Mine had started crushing on Sept. 1, the date mentioned by our correspondent. The Market is eagerly awaiting the first Geelong and Selukwe crushings, while the progress of the Dunraven is also being anxiously watched.

Saturday, Sept. 3, 1898.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. R. T.—Have nothing to do with it, unless you want to lock up your money in an unmarketable thing whose chances of paying its full Preference dividend in future are none of the brightest.

SHAREHOLDER.—(1) You can demand to examine the register, and the denial of your request was absolutely unjustifiable if the company comes under the ordinary laws. You do not state the name of the undertaking. (2) We do not know of any. Is this the company to which your first question refers?

SPORTSMAN.—Your inquiry is answered elsewhere. Sporting matters do not strictly fall under the head of Finance.

CAUTION.—Thanks for your letter. We do not anticipate another rise in Milwaukee to 131½ as in September 1882. We think them more likely, after the dividend declaration, to move towards 102, which, you observe, they touched in the following winter.